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Tho^s. Holley Esq. F.S.A.

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16
THE
Shepherds Calender.

Containing twelve Aeglogues propor-
tionable to the twelve
Monethes.

ENTITVLED,
To the noble and vertuous Gen-
tleman most worthie of all titles, both
of learning and chivalry, Mai-
ster Philip Sidney.



L O N D O N

Printed by *John Windet*, for *John Harrison*
the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, at the
signe of the Auger. 1591.



TO HIS BOOKE.

Go litle booke : thy selfe present,
As childe whose parent is vnkent :
To him that is the president,
Of noblenesse and of cheualree :
And if that Enuy barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succour flee

Vnder the shadow of his wing,
And asked, who thee forth did bring,
A shepheards swaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde :
And when his honour has thee redde,
Craue pardon for my hardy-hedde.

But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame :
For thy thereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past ieopardee,
Come tell me, what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee.

Immerito.



¶ To the most excellent and learned both Orator and Poet, Maister Gabriel Haruey, his verie speciall and singular good friend E.K. commendeth the good liking of this
his good labour, and the patronage of the
newe Poet.



Vncoũte, vnkist, sayd the olde famous Poet *Chaucer*: whom for his excellency and wonderfull skil in making, hys schooller *Lidgate*, a worthy scholler of so excellent a matter, calleth the Loadstarre of our language: and whom our *Colin Clout* in his *Aeglogue* calleth *Tityrus* the God of shepheards, comparýng hym to the worthinesse of the *Romane Tityrus Virgil*. Which prouerbe, mine owne good friend M. Haruey, as in that good olde Poet it serued well *Pandares* purpose, for the bolstering of hys baudy brocage, so very well taketh place in this our new Poet, who for that he is vncoũt (as sayd *Chaucer*) is vn-kist, and vnknowne to most men, is regarded but of fewe. But I doubt not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledge of men, and his worthinesse be sounded in the trump of Fame, but that he shall be not only kist, but also beloued of all, embraced of the most, & wondered at of the best. No lesse I thinke, deserueth his wittinesse in deuising, his pitchinesse in vtering, hys complaints of lone so louely, hys discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastorall rudenesse, his moral wisesse, his due obseruyng of *Decorum* euery where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech, and generally in all seemely simplicitie of handlyng hys matter, and framing his wordes: the which of many things which in him be straunge, I knowe will seeme the straungest, the wordes themselues beyng so ancient, the knyttynge of them so short and intricate, and the whole Períod and compasse of speech so delighfulsome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the straungenesse. And first of the wordes to speake, I graunt they bee somethýng harde, and of most men vnused, yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authours and most famous Poets. In whom when as this our Poet hath benemuch trauelled and throughly read, how could it bee, (as that worthy Oratour sayd) but that walkyng in the sunne, although for other cause he walked, yet needes hee mought be sunburnt, and hauyng the sound of those auncient Poets kill ringyng in his eares, he mought needes in singyng, hit out some of theyr tunes. But whether he vseth them by such casualtie and custome, or of set purpose and choyle, as thinkyng them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards either for that theyr rough sounde would make his rimes more ragged and rusticall, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most vsed of cuntry folke, sure I thinke, and thinke I thinke not amisse, that they bryng great grace, and as one would say, authoritie to the verse. For albe amongst many other faultes it specially bee objected of *Falsh* against *Luie*, and of other against *Salust*, that with ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as coueryng thereby credence and honour of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament both in the one and in the other: the one labouryng to set forth in his worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discourfing matters of grauitie and importance. For if my memory fayle not, *Tully* in that booke, wherein hee endeouureth to set forth the paterne of a perfect Oratour, saith that ofttimes an auncient word maketh the style seeme graue, and as it were reuerend: no otherwise then wee honour and reuerence gray haire for a certaine religious regard, which we haue of olde age. Yet neither euery where must old wordes be stuffed in, nor the common Dialecte and maner of speakyng so corrupted thereby, that as in old buildyngs it seeme disorderly and ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they vse to blaze and portraict not onely the daintie lineaments or beaultie, but also rounde about it to shadowe the rude thickets and craggy cliffs, that by the balenesse of such partes, more excellency may accrew to the princihall: for oftentimes we find our selues, I know not how, singularly delighthen with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly

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The Epistle.

order. Euen so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine and make more clearly to appeare the brightnesse of braue and glorious wordes. So oftentimes a discorde in Musicke maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthy Poet *Alceus* to beholde a blemish in the ioynt of a well shaped bodie. But if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of olde and vnwonted words him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of witlesse headinesse in iudging, or of heedlesse hardinesse in condemnyng: for not marking the compasse of his bent, hee wil iudge of the length of his cast: for in my opinion it is one speciall praise, of many which are due to this Poet, that he hath laboured to restore, at to their rightfull heritage such good and naturall English wordes, as haue bene long time out of vse and almost cleane dilherited. Which is the onely cause, that our Mother tongue, which truly of it selfe is both full enough for prose, and stately enough for verse, hath long time bene counted most bare and barren of both. Which default when as some endeouored to salue and recure, they patched vp the holes with peeces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latin, not weighing how ill, those tongues accord with themselves, but much worse with ours: So now they haue made our English tongue, a gallimaufrey or hodgepodge of all other speeches. Other some not so well seene in the English tongue as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an olde word, albeit very natural and significant cry out straightway, that we speake no English, but gibberish, or rather such, as in olde time *Euanders* mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their owne mother tongue, strangers to be counted and aliens. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they vnderstand not, they straightway deeme to be senselesse, and not at all to bee vnderstoode. Much like to the Mole in *Aescops* fable, that being blinde her selfe, would in no wise be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last more shamefull then both, that of their owne countrey and natural speech, which together with their Nources milke they sucked, they haue so bale regard and bastard iudgement, that they wil not only themselves not labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it should be embellished. Like to the dogge in the manner, that himselfe can eate no haye, and yet barketh at the hungry bullocke, that so faine would feede: whose currish kinde though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they reframe from byting.

Now for the knitting of sentences, which they call the ioynts and members thereof, and for al the compasse of the speech, it is round without roughnesse, and learned without hardnesse, such indeede as may bee perceiued of the last, vnderstood of the most, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in most English writers vseth to be loose, and as it were vnright, in this Authour is wel grounded, finely framed, and strongly trusted vp together. In regard whereof, I scorne and spue out the rakehell rout of our ragged rymes (for to themselves vse to hunt the letter) which without learning boast, without iudgement iangle, without reason rage and some, as if some instinct of poetical spirit had newly raiued them about the meanenesse of common capacitie. And being in the midst of al theyr brauery, sodenly either for want of matter, or ryme, or hauing forgotten their former conceipt, they seeme to be so pained and traueiled in their remembrance, as it were a woman in childbyrth, or as that same *Pythia*, when the traunce came vpon her. *Os rabidum fera corda domans, &c.*

Nerlesse let them a Gods name feede on their own folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for *Colin*, vnder whose person the Authours selfe is shadowed, how far he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shoves, both himselfe sheweth, where he saith,

Of Moses Hobbin, I come no skill.

And,

Enough is me to paint out my wret, &c.

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein, it seemeth, he chose rather to vsold great matter of argument cooerly, then professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which moued him rather in *Aeglogues*, then otherwise to write, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he litle needed, or mindyng to furnish our tongue with this kinde, where in it faultereth, or folowing the example of the best and most auncient Poettes, which denied this kinde of writyng, being both to base for the matter, and homely for the maner, at the first to trye theyr habilitie: and as young byrdes, that be newly crept out of the nest, by litle first to proue theyr tender wynges, before they make a greater flight. So flew *Theocritus*, as you may perceiue he was already full fledged. So flew *Virgil*, as not yet well feeling his wynges. So flew *Manuian* as not being full sounde. So *Petrarque*. So *Boccace*: So *Marot*, *Sanaxarius*, and

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and also diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poets, whose footing this Author euerie weere followeth, yet so as few, but they be well sented can trace him out. So finally this our new Poet, as a bird, whose principals be scarce growne out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keepe wing with the best. Now astouching the generall drift and purpose of his Aeglogues, I minde not to say much, himselfe labouring to conceale it. One of this appeareth that his vnitaied youth had long wandered in the comon Labirinth of Loue in which time to mitigate and allaye the heate of his passion, or els to waine (as he saith) the young shepheardes f. his equals and companions of his vnfortunate follie, hee composed these twelue Aeglogues which for that they be proportioned to the state of the twelue monethes, he termeth it the *Shepheardes Calender*, a plying an old name to a new worke. Hereunto haue I added a certaine Glosse or scholion for the exposition of olde wordes and hard phrases, which manner of glosing and commenting, well I wot, will seeme straunge and rare in our tongue: yet for so much as I knew many excellent and proper deuises both in worde and matter, would passe in the speedy courte of reading, either as vnknowne, or as not marked, and that in this kinde, as in other we might be equall to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made priuie to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundrie other workes of his. Which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his frendship, himselfe being for long time farre estranged, hoping that this will the rather occasion him, to put forth diuers other excellent workes of his, which sleepe in silence, as his Dreames, his Legends, his court of Cupid, and sundrie others, whose commendations to set out, were verie vaine, the thinges though worthie of manie, yet being knowne to few. These my present paines if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine owne good M. Haruey, to whom I haue both in respect of your worthinesse generally, and otherwise vpon some particular and speciall considerations vowed this my labour, and the maidenhead of this our commons friends Poetrie, himselfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthie gentleman, the right worshipfull M. Philip Sidney, a speciall fauourer and maintainer of all kinde of learning. Whose cause I pray you Sir, if Enuy shall stirre vp any wrongfull accusation, defend with your mighty Rhetorick & other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with your good will, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enymies, as I know will be set on fire with the sparkes of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Authour vnto you, as vnto his most speciall good friend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singular account of two so very good and so choise friends, I bid you both most hartely farewell and commit you and your most commendable studies to the tuition of the greatest,

Your owne assuredly to
be commended. E.K.

Post scr.

NOW I trust M. Haruey, that vpon sight of your speciall friends and fellow Poets doinges, or els for enuy of so many vnworthy Quidams, which catch at the garland, which to you alone is due, you will be perswaded to plucke out of the hatefull darknesse, those to manie excellent English poemcs of yours, which lye hid, and bring them forth to eternall light. Trust me you doe both them great wrong, in depriuing them of the desired tunicke, and also your selfe, in smothering your deserued praytes, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already done of your Latin Poemes, which in my opinion both for inuention and Elocution are very delicate, and super excellent. And thus agayne, I take my leaue of my good M. Haruey. From my lodging at Loudon this 10. of Aprill. 1579.

The generall Argument of the whole booke.



Itle I hope, needeth mee at large to discourse the first Originall of Aeglogues, hauing already touched the same. But for the worde Aeglogues I know is unknowne to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they thinke) I will say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes the inuentours of them called Aeglogas as it were, Aegon, or Aeginomon logi, that is Goteheardes tales. For although in Virgil and others the speakers be most shepheardes, & Goteheardes, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie, then in Virgil, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head and wellspring the whole inuention of this Aeglogues, maketh Goteheardes the persons and authours of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grosseesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs belieue that they are more rightly termed Eclogai, as they woulde saye, extraordinarie discourses of vnnesessarie matter: which definition all be in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the Analysis and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed Eclogue, Aeglogues, which sentence this authour verie well obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though in deede few Goteheardes haue to doe berein, neuerthelesse doubteth not to call them by the vsed and best knowne name. Other curious discourses herof I reserue to greater occasion. These twelue Aeglogues euerie where answering to the seasons of the twelue monethes may be well deuidd into three formes or rancks. For either they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixt, the eleuenth, and the twelth, or recreatiue, such as all those be, which containe matter of lone

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of loue, or commendation of speciall personages, or Morall: which for the most part be mixed with some Satyricall bitternes, namely, the second of reuerence due to old age, the fift of coloured deceit, the seuenth and ninth of dissolute shepheardes and Pastors; the tenth of contempt of Poetrie and pleasant wits. And to this diuision may euery thing herein be reasonably applyed: A few onely except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of these twelue Aeglogues. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first, which he calleth by the first moneths name, Ianaarie: wherein to some he may seeme slowly to haue faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the yeare. For it is well knowne, and stoutly maintained with strong reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March, for then the sunne reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasure thereof being buried in the sadnes of the dead Winter now worne away, reliueth.

This opinion maintaine the olde Astrologers & Philosophers, namely the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which account also was generally obserued both of Grecians and Romaines. But sauing the leaue of such learned heades, wee maintaine a custome of counting the seasons from the moneth Ianuarie vpon a more speciall cause, then the heathen Philosophers euer coulde conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mightie Saviour and eternall Redeemer the Lorde Christ, who as then renewing the state of the decayed worlde, and returning the compasse of expired yeares to their former date and first commencement, listeth to vs his heires a memoriall of his byrth in the ende of the last yeare and beginning of the nexte. Which reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our saluation, leaneth also vpon good prooffe of speciall iudgement. For albeit that in el-
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der times, when as yet the count of the yeare was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Iulius Caesar, they began to tell the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is saide in Scripture) commanded the people of the Iewes to count the moneth Abil, that which we call March, for the first moneth, in remembrance that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Aegypt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwise obserued, both in gouernment of the Church, and rule of Mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Caesar who first obserued the leape yeare which he called Bessextilem Annum, and brought into a more certaine course of the odd wandering dayes which of the Greekes were called Hyperbainontes of the Romanes Intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the termes of the learned) the monethes haue bene numbred xij. which in the first ordinance of Romulus were but ten, counting but CCCiij. dayes in euery yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of all the Romane Ceremonies and Religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the coure of the Sunne, nor the Moone, thereunto added two monethes, Ianuarie and Februarie, wherein it seemeth, that wise kinge minded upon good reason to beginne the yeare at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni the gate and entrance of the yeare, or of the name of the god Ianus, to which God for that the olde Paynim attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the worlde, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned the beginning and first entrance of the yeare. Which account for the most part hath hethereto continued. Notwithstanding that the Egyptians beginne their yeare at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and verie purpose of the Scripture it selfe, God made the world in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. And therefore hee commaunded them, to keepe the feast of Pavilions in the
ende

ende of the yeare, in the xv. daie of the vij. moneth; which before that time was the first.

But our Authour respecting neither the subtiltie of the one part nor the antiquitie of the other, thinketh it fittest according to the simplicitie of common understanding, to begin ne with January; wening it perhaps no decorum that Shepheards should be seene in matter of so deep insight, or canuase a case of so doubtfull iudgement. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he thoroughour.

Ianuarie.



Aegloga Prima.

ARGUMENT.

IN this first Aegloga: Colin Clout a Shepheards boy, complaineth himselfe of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly (as seemeth) enamoured of a Countrie lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being very sore trauailed, hee compareth his carefull ease, to the sad season of the yeere, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winter beaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasure and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth himselfe to the ground.

Colin Clout.

Shepheards boye (no better do him call)
 When winters wastfull spight was almost spent,
 All in a sunshine day, as did befall,
 Led forth his flocke, that had been long ypent.
 So faint they wore, and feeble in the fold,
 That now vnnesethes their feete could them uphold.

Her mantle blacke through heauen gan ouerhale.
Which seene, the penitue boy halte in despight
Arose, and homeward droue his sunned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

Colins Embleme.

Anchora speme.

GLOSSE.

Colin Cloute, is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I seene a poeie of *M. Skelton* vnder that title. But indeede the worde of *Colin* is French, and vsed of the French Poet, *Marot*, if he be worthie of the name of a Poet in a certaine Aeglogue. Vnder whome name this Poet secretly shadoweth himselfe, as sometime did *Virgil* vnder the name of *Tityrus*, thinking it much fitter, then such Latin names, for the great vnlikelihood of the language.

Vmbræ, scarcely.

Couthe, commeth of the verbe *Connre*, that is, to know or to haue skill. As well interpreteth the same the worthie Sir *Tho. Smith* in his booke of gouernment: wherof I haue a perfect copie in writing, lent me by his kinsman, and my verie singular good friend, *M. Gabriel Harvey*, as also of some other his most graue and excellent writings.

Sylbe, time. *Neighbour towne*, the next towne: expressing the Latin, *Proxima*.

Stoure, a fit.

Sore, withered.

His clownish gifts, imitateth *Virgils* verse.

Rusticus es Corydon, see *mundus* *alio*.

Hobbinol, is a fained country name, whereby, it being so common and vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his verie especiall and most familiar friend, whome he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peraduenture shal bee more largely declared hereafter. In this place seemeth to be some fauor of disorderly loue, which the learned call *Pederastice*: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath read *Plato* his Dialogue called *Alcybiades*, *Xenophon* and *Maximus Tyrius* of *Socrates* opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is much to be allowed and liked of, specially so meane, as *Socrates* vsed it: who saith, that indeede hee loued *Alcybiades* extreemely, yet not *Alcybiades* person, but his soule, which is *Alcybiades* owne selfe. And so is *pederastice* much to bee referred before *Gynæcastice*, that is the loue which inflameth men with lust toward woman kinde. But yet let no man thinke, that heerein I stand with *Lucian*, or his diuelliſh Disciple *Ulysses*, *Aretino*, in defence of execrable and horrible sins of forbidden and vnlawfull fleshlineſſe. Whose abominable error is fully confuted of *Periplus*, and others.

I loue, a pretie Eponorhosis in these two verses, and withall a Paronomasia or playing with the word, where he saith (*I loue* *thilke* *lasse* *alas*: &c.)

Rosalinde, is also a feined name, which being well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and mistresse, whome by that name he coloureth. So as *Ouid* shadoweth his loue vnder the name of *Corynna*, which of some is supposed to be *Iuba*, the Emperour *Augustus* his daughter, and wife to *Agrippa*. So doth *Arantius Stella* euerie where call his Lady *Feris* and *Ianthes*, albeit it is well knowne that her right name was *Violantilla*: as witnesseth *Sturius* in his *Epithalamium*. And so the famous Paragon of Italy, *Madonna* *Celia* in her letters enuolopeth her selfe vnder the name of *Zina*, and *Petrona* vnder the name of *Bellochia*. And this generally hath been a common custome of counterfaising the names of secrete personages.

Anail, bring downe.

Embleme.

Embleme.

Onephale, drawe ouer.

His Embleme or Poësie is heere vnder added in Italian, *Achora speme*, the meaning whereof is, that notwithstanding his extreme passion and lucklesse loue, yet leauing on hope, he is somewhat recomforted.

Februarie.



Aegloga Seunda.

Argument.

THis Aeglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to anie secret or particular purpose. It specially containeth a discourse of olde age, in the person of Thenot an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustinesse, is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappie Heardmans boye. The matter verie well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drooping, and as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies there is a drie and withering colde, whiche congealeth the crudled bloud, and frieseth the weather beaten fleshe, with stormes of Fortune, and hoare frostes of Care..

Februarie.

To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so lively and so feelingly, as if the thing were set foorth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

Cuddie. Thenor.

A For pittie, will rancke Winters rage,
These bitter blastes neuer gin tall wage :
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the bodie gride.
My ragged rontes all shiner and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake :
They wont in the winde wagge their wigggle taites,
Perke as a Peacocke : but now it auailles.

Thenor.

Let wolý complaineſt thou laeſſe ladde,
Of Winters wꝛacke for making thee ſadde.
Muſt not the world wend in his common courſe
From good to bad, and from bad to woꝛſe,
From woꝛſe vnto that is woꝛſt of all,
And then returne to his former fall ?
Who will not ſuffer the ſtoꝛmie time,
Where will he liue till the luſtie prime ?
Selfe haue I woꝛne out thꝛiſe thirtie yeares,
Some in much loꝝ, many in many teares :
Yet neuer complained of cold noꝛ heat,
Of ſommers flame, noꝛ of winters thꝛeat :
He euer was to Fortune foe man,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my ſlocke was my chiefe care,
Winter oꝛ Sommer they mought well fare.

Cuddie.

Ho marueile Thenor, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wꝛathfull cheare.
For age and winter accoꝝd full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wꝛie.
And as the lowꝝing wether looks downe,

So seemest thou like good friday to frowne.
But my flourishing youth is foe to frost,
My ship vnwont in stormes to be tost.

Thenot.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
That once sea-beat, will to sea againe.
So loytring line you little heardgromes,
Keeping your beasts in the budded b'omes.
And when the shining sunne laugheth once,
You deemen, the Spring is come attence.
Who ginne you, fond flies, the cold to scozne,
And crowing in pipes made of greene cozne.
You thinke to be Lords of the yeare,
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare.
Comes the breme winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes:
Dzertily shooting his stormie dart,
Which cruddles the blood, and pricks the hart.
Then is your carelesse courage accoyed,
Your carefull heordes with cold be annoyed.
Then pay you the p'ice of your surquedye,
With weeping, and wailing, and miserie.

Cuddie.

Oh foolish olde man, I scozne thy skill,
That wouldest me, my springing youth to spill.
I deeme, thy bzaine emperished be
Through rustie elde, that hath rotted thee.
O sicker thy head berie tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding bzaunch thou wouldest cropp:
But were thy yeeres greene, as now bene mine.
No other delightes they would encline.
Who wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,
And hery with himnes thy lasses gloue.
Who wouldest thou pipe of Phillis prattle:
But Phillis is mine so; manie daies.

Februarie. 15

I woigne her with a girdle of gelf,
Emboist with buegle about the belst.
Such an one shepheardes would make full faine:
Such an one would make thee young againe.

Thenot.

Thou art a son, of thy loue to host,
All that is lent to loue will be lost.

Cuddie.

Sæst, how brag yond Bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smooth, his pricked eares?
His hornes bene as brade, as rainebow bent,
His dewelap as lythe, as lasse of Kent.
Sæe how he venteth into the winde,
Weenest of loue is not his minde:
Sæmeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustelle bene they, so weake, so wan,
Clothed with colde, and hoarie with fross,
Thy flockes father his courage hath lost:
Thy Cwes, that wont to haue blowne bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags:
The rather lambes bene starued with colde,
All for their maister is lustelle and olde.

Thenot.

Cuddie, I wot thou kenst little good,
So vainely to aduance thy healeste hood.
For Pnough is a bubble blowne by with breath,
Whose witte is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wildernesse, whose ynné Penance,
And stoopegallaunt Age the hoast of Greuance.
But shall I tell thee a tale of truely,
Which I cond of Tityrns in my youth,
Keeping his shepe on the hilles of Kent?

Cuddie.

To nought moze Thenot, my minde is bent,
Then to heare nouels of his deuile:
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,
What euer that good old man bespeake.

Thenot.

Thenot.

Manie méete tales of youth did he make,
And some of loue, and some of cheualrie :
But none fitter then this to applie.
Now listen a while, and hearken the end.

THere grew an aged Tree on the gréne,
A goodly Dake sometime had it béene,
With armes ful strong and lergelie displaide,
But of their leaues they were disaraide :
The bodie bigge, and mightilie pight,
Throughele rooted, and of wonderous hight :
Whilome had bene the king of the field,
And mochel mast to the husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded manie swine.
But now the grate mosse marred his rine,
His bared boughes were beaten with stoymes,
His top was bald, and wasted with woymes,
His honoz decayed, his bzaunches sere,

Hard by his side grew a bzagging bzere,
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to thzeat the Firmament,
It was embellisht with blossomes faire,
And therefo aye wonned to repaire
The shepheards daughters, to gather flowzes,
To painte their girlonds with his colowzes.
And in his smal bushes bled to shrowde
The sweet Nightingale singing so lowde :
Which made this swlish bzere were so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And snebbe the good Dake, for he was old.

Why stands there (quoth) thou bzutish blocke :
For fruit, no, for shadow serues thy stocke :
Seest, how fresh my flowers ben spred,
Died in Lilly white, and Cremsin red,
With Leaues engrained in lultie greene,
Colours meet to clothe a mayden Ducene.

Februarie.

Thy wasse bignes but cumbers the ground,
And dirkes the beautie of my blossomes round.
The mouldie mosse, which thæ accloiethe,
My Sinamon smell too much annoyethe.
Wherefoze soone I rede thæ hence remoue,
Least thou the pvice of my displeasure proue.
So spake this bold Wbere with great disdaine:
Little him answered the Dake againe;
But yelded, with shame and grieve adawed,
That of a wæde he was ouercrawed.

It chaunced after vpon a day,
The husbandman selfe to come that way,
Of custome for to serue we his ground,
And his trees of state in compasse round.
Him when the spitefull Wbere had espyed,
Causelesse complained, and loudly cryed
Vnto his Lord, stirring by sterne strife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaseth you pond your Suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong, and cruel constraint,
Which I your poore Vassall dayly endure:
And but your goodnesse the same recure,
Am like for desperate dwle to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.

Greatly agast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the good man on the lea,
And bad the Wbere in his plaint proceede,
With painted wordes tho gan this proud wæde,
(As most vsen Ambitious folke.)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

Oh my soueraigne, Lord of Creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the Primrose of all thy land.
With flowzyng blossomes, to furnish the prime,
And scarlet berries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this faded Dake,

Whose bodie is sere, whose bzaunches bryke,
 Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the fire,
 Vnto such tyzannie doth aspire:
 Hindering with his shade my louely light,
 And robbing me of the sweete sunnes sight:
 So beate his olde boughes my tender side,
 That oft the blond springeth from woundes wide:
 Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,
 That bene the honour of your Cozonall.
 And oft he lets his cancker woymes light
 Vpon my bzaunches, to worke me moze spight:
 And of his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
 Wherewith my fresh flowrets bene defast.
 For this, and many moze such outrage,
 Craving your godly head to allwage
 The ranckorous rigour of his might,
 Pought aske I, but onely to hold my right:
 Submitting me to your godd sufferance,
 And praying to be garded from greuaunce.

To this, this Dake cast him to replie
 Well as he couth: but his enimie
 Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
 That the godd man noulde stay his leasure,
 But home him hasted with furious heat,
 Encreasing his wrath with many a threat,
 His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
 (Alas, that it so readie should stand)
 And to the field alone he speedeth,
 (Aye litle helpe to harme there needeth)
 Anger nould let him speake to the free,
 Cnaunter his rage mought coled bee:
 But to the rote bent his sturdie stroake,
 And made many woundes in the waste Dake.
 The Ares edge did oft turne againe,
 As halfe vnwilling to cut the graine:
 Seemed, the senselesse yron did feare,
 Or to wrong holy eld did forbear.

Februarie.

For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a misserie.
And often crost with the priests cresse,
And often hallowed with holie water beswe.
But like fantasies weren soleserie,
And broughten this Duke to this miserie.
For nought mought they quitten him from decaye:
For fiercely the good man at him did laie.
The block oft groned vnder the blow,
And sighed to see his neare ouerthrow.
In fine the Steele had pierced his pith,
Who downe to the earth he fell forthwith:
His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
The earth shonke vnder him, and seemed to shake.
There lieth the Duke, pitied of none.
Now stands the Bzere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pride and vaine pleasaunce:
But all this glæ had no continuance.
For eftswoones Winter gan to appoche,
The blustering Bozeas did encroche,
And beat vpon the solitarie Bzere:
For now no succour was scene him nere.
Now gan he repent his pride too late:
Now naked left and disconsolate,
The biting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The watris wet weighed down his head,
And heaped snow burdned him so sore,
That now vpight he can stand no more:
And being downe, is trode in the durt,
Of cattell, and bzeuzed, and sozely hurt.
Such was thende of this ambitious Bzere,
For scozning Eld.

Cuddie.

Now I pray the Shepheard, tell it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and litle worth.

So long haue I listened to thy speche.
 What grafted to the ground is my bzeche :
 My heart bloud is twelhigh frozne I feele,
 And my galage growne fast to my heele :
 Wnt litle ease of thy lewde tale I tasted,
 Wie thee home Shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Thenots Embleme.
*Iddio perche è vecchio,
 Fa suoi al suo effempio.*

Cuddies Embleme.
*Niuno vecchio,
 Spauenta Iddio.*

GLOSSE.

Keme, sharpe.

Grilde, perced : an olde word much vsed of *Lidgate*, but not founde (that I know of) in Chaucer.

Rotts, yoong bullockes.

Wracke, ruine or violence, whence commeth shipwracke : and not wreake, that is vengeance or wrath.

Foemart, a foe.

Thenot, the name of a shepheard in Marot his *Aeglogues*.

The Soueraigne of Seas, is Neptune the God of the Seas. The saying is borrowed of *Mimus Publicianus*, which vsed this prouerbe in a verse,

Improbe Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardgroones, Chaucers verse almost whole.

Fond flus, He compareth carelesse sluggardes or ill husbandmen to flies, that so soone as the sunne shineth, or it waxeth any thing warme, begin to flie abroad when todcinly they be ouertaken with colde.

But est when, A very excellent and lively description of Winter, so as may be indifferently taken, either for olde age, or for Winter season.

Breme, Chill, bitter

Accoied, plucked downe and daunted.

Eldre, olde age.

Sicker, sure.

Corbe, crooked.

Chamfred, chapt. or wrinkled,

Surquedrie, pride.

Totte, wauering

Herie, worship.

Phyllis, the name of some maide vnknowne, whom Cuddie, whose person is secret, loued.

The name is vsuall in Theocritus, Virgil, and Mantuane.

Belte, a girdle or waite band.

A son, A foole.

Lyth, Soft and gentle.

Venteth, snuffeth in the winde.

Thy flockes father, the Ramme.

Craggs, neckes.

Rather Lambes, that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeere.

Youth is, A very morall and pittie Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man.

Tityrus, I suppose he meane Chaucer, whose praise for pleasant tales cannot die, so long as the memorie of his name shall liue, and the name of Poetrie shall endure.

Well thewed, that is, *Bene morata,* Full of morall wisenesse.

Februarie.

There grew, This tale of the Oake and the Breere, hee telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kinde, and rather like to Aesops fables. It is verie excellent for pleasant descriptions, being altogether acertaine Icon or Hypotyposis of disdainfull yonkers. Embellisht, beautified and adorned, To worne, to haunt or frequent.

Such, checke.

Why standst, in graine.

The speach is scornfull and verie presumptuous.

Engrained, dyed

Accoloth, accombreth.

Adawed, daunted and confounded.

Trees of state, taller trees fit for timber wood.

Sterne strife, said Chaucer fell and

Rurdy.

O my liege, A maner of supplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection

and speach of ambitious nen.

Coronall, Garland.

Flourets, young blossomes.

The Primrose, The chiefe and worthiest.

Naked armes, metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoiled of leaues. This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging him to the fire.

The blood, spoken of a blocke, as it were of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and (as they say) Kat' ekefimon.

Hoarie lockes, metaphorically for withered leaues.

Hent, caught. Nould, for would not. Aye, enermore.

Woundes, gashes.

Enaunter, least that.

The priestes crew, holy water pot, wherewith the popish priest vsed to sprinkle and hallo the trees from mischance. Such blindnes was in those times, which the Poet supposeth to haue bene the finall decay of this auncient Oake.

The blocke of stone, a liuely figure, which giueth sense and feeling to vn sensible creatures as Virgil also saith: Saxa gemunt grauid. &c.

Boreas, The Northern wind, that bringeth the most stormie weather.

Glee, cheare and iollity.

For forning Eld, And minding (as should seeme) to haue made rime to the former verse,

Galage, a startup or clownish speech.

Embleme.

This embleme is spoken of *Themar*, as a morall of his former tale: namely, that God, which is himselfe most aged, being before all ages, and without beginning, maketh those whom he loueth, like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto their dayes, and blessing them with long life. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto, whom God will so blesse, and albeit that many euil men reach vnto such fulnes of yeares, and some also waxe old in miserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euil men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, and come to their first home. So the olde man checketh the prau-headed boye, for despising his gray and frostie haire.

Whom *Cuddie* doth counterbasse with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken in deede at the first in contempt of old age generally. For it was an olde opinion, and yeris continued in some mens conceits, that men of yeares haue no feare of God at all, or not so much as yonger folke. For that being ripened with long experience, and hauing passed manie bitter brunts and blastes of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrath of Gods, nor danger of men, as being either by long and ripe wisdom armed against all mischances and aduersitie, or with much trouble hardened against all trouble some tides: like vnto the Ape, of which is saide in Aesops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lion, hee was at first sore agast and dismaide at the grimnesse and austeritie of his countenance, but at last being acquainted with his lookes, he was so farre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and cast with him: Such long experience beredeth in some men securitie. Although it please Erasmus, a great clarke and good old father, more fatherly and fauourably

to construe it in his Adages for his owne behoofe. That by the prouerbe, *Nemo Senex meruit Iouem*, is not meant, that olde men haue no feare of God at all, but that they bee farre from superstition and Idolatrous regarde of false Gods, as is *Tupizer*. But his great learning notwithstanding, it is too plaine to be gaine saide, that oldemen are much more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heades.

March.



Ægloga Tertia.

Argument.

IN this *Aeglogue* two shepherds boyes taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of loue and other pleasure, which to spring-time, is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is to giue certaine markes and tokens, to knowe Cupid the Poets God of loue. But more particularly I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secret friend, who scorned loue and his knightes so long, till atlength.

Marche.

*at length himselfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the
dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupids arrow.*

Willye. Thomalin.

Thomalin, why sitten we soe,
As were ouerwent with woe,
Vpon so faire a mozow?
The ioyous time now nighest fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blaff,
And slake the Winter sozow.

Thomalin.

Sicker Willy, thou warnest well:
For Winters wzath begins to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth.
The grasse now ginnes to be refreshd:
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

Willye.

Seest not thilke same Watthorne stude,
How bzagly it begins to budde,
And vtter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make readie Maias bowler,
That new is vpzift from bed.
Who shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to were light,
That scoznfully looks askaunce:
Who will we litle Lone awake,
That now sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Willye, I weene thou be assot:
For luttie Lone still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

Willye.

How kenst thou, that he is awake?

D hast thy selfe his slomber broke:

D made priuie to the same:

Thomalin.

No, but happily I him spide,

Where in a bush he did him hide,

With winges of purple and blew.

And were not, that my sheepe would stray

The priuie markes I woulde bewray,

Whereby by chaunce I him knew.

Willye.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,

My selfe will haue a double eye,

Like to my flocke and thine:

For a las at home I haue a syze,

A stepdame eke as hote as syze,

That dewly adayes counts mine.

Thomtlin.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,

My sheepe for that may chunce to swerue,

And fall into some mischiese.

For sithens is but the third moztowe,

That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sorrow,

And waked againe with grieve:

The while thilke same vnhappieewe,

Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shew,

Fell headlong into a dell.

And there vniointed both her bones:

Mought her neck bene iointed attones,

She shoulde haue neede no more spell.

She was to wanton and so wodd,

(But now I trowe can better good)

She mought ne gang on the greenc.

Willye.

Let be, as may be, that is past:

That is to come, let be forcast.

Now tell vs, what thou hast sene,

C

Thomalin

March.

Thomalin.

It was vpon a holiday,
When shepheardes grômes han leaue to play,

I coft to go a shooting.

Long wandring vp and downe the land,

With bow and bolts in either hand,

For birdes in bushes footing:

At length within the Puie todde

(Where shrowded was the little God)

I heard a busie bustling.

I bent my bolt against the bush,

Liftning if anie thing did rush,

But then heard no moze rustling.

Who péeping close into the thicke,

Might see the moning of some quicke,

Whose shape appeared not:

But were it saerie, scénd, or snake,

My courage earnd it to awake,

And manfully thereat shotte.

With that sprang forth a naked swayne,

With spotted winges like Peacocks frayne.

And laughing lope to a tree.

His gylden quiver at his backe,

And silver bowe, which was but slacke:

Which lightly he bent at me.

That seeing I, leueld againe,

And shotte at him with might and maine,

As thicke, as it had hailed.

So long I shot, that all was spent:

Who pumie stones I hastily bent:

And thye we: but nought auayled:

He was so wimble, and so wight,

From bough to bough he lepped light,

And oft the pumies latched.

There with affrad I ranne away:

But he, that earst seemed but to play.

A haft in earnest snatched,

And

And hit me running in the beele:
 For then I little smart did feelee:
 But soone it soze increased.
 And now it ranchleth moze and moze,
 And inwardly it festreth soze,
 He wote I, how to cease it.

Willye.

Thomalin, I pittie thy plight,
 Perdie with loue thou diddest fight:
 I know him by a token.
 For once I heard my father say,
 How he him caught vpon a day.
 (Whereof he will be woken)
 Entangled in a fowling net,
 Which he for carrion Crowes had set,
 That in our Pearetree haunted.
 Who said, he was a winged lad,
 But bowe and shaftes as then none had:
 Els had he soze be daunted.
 But see the Welkin thicks apace,
 And stouping Phoebus steepes his face:
 'Tis time to haste vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

*To be wise and eke to loue,
 Is graunted scarce to God above.*

Thomalins Embleme.

*Of hony and of gaule in loue there is store.
 The hony is much, but the gaule is more:*

GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue seemeth some what to resemble that same of *Theocritus*, wherein the boy likewise telling the olde man, that hee had shott at a winged boy in a tree, was by him warned. to beware of mischief to come.

March.

Ouer went, ouergone,

To quell, to a bate,

The fwalow: Which bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it were, the forerunner of spring.

Flora, the Goddesse of flowres, but indeede (as saith *Tacitus*) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her body hauing gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her hoyre: who in remembraunce of so great beneficence, appoynted a yeerely feast for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe thinke, *Andronica*, but *Flora*: making her the Goddesse of all flowres, and doing yeerely to her solemne sacrifice,

Maia *bovre*, that is the pleasaunt fiede, or rather the *Maye* bushes. *Maia* is a Goddesse and the mother of *Mercurie*, in honour of whome the moneth of *Maye* is of her name so called, as sayth *Macrobius*.

Lettice, the name of some country lasse.

Ascaunce, as kewe or asquinn.

For thy, therefore,

Lethe, is a lake in hell, which the poets call the lake of forgetfulnesse. For *Lethe* signifieth forgetfulnesse. Wherein the soules being dipped, dyd forgette the cares of this former life. So that by our sleeping in *Lethe* lacke, he meaneth hee was almost forgotten and out of knowledge. by reason of Winters hardnesse when all pleasures as it were, sleepe and weare out of minde.

Affotte, to dote.

His flobber, To breake Loues flobber, to exercise the delights of Loue and wanton pleasures.

Winges of Purple, so is he faigned of the Poetes.

For als, he imitateth Virgils verse.

Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca &c.

Adell, a hole in the ground.

Spell, is a kinde of verse or charme, that in elder times they vsed often to say ouer every thing, that they would haue preferred, as the *Nightspell* for theewes, and the *Woodspell*. And herehence I thinke is named the *Godspell* or worde. And so saith *Chancer*, Listeth Lordinges to my spell,

Gange, goe.

An Tme todde, a thicke bushe.

Swayne, a boye: For so is he described of the Poetes, to be a boye, f. alwaies freshe and lustie blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of personages, with diuers coloured wings, f. full of flying fancies: with bowe and arrow, that is with glaunce of beautie, which pricketh as a forked arrow. He is saide also to haue shaftes, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gratiuous and louted, and sorrowe for the loue that is disdained or forsaken. But who list more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let hym read eyther *Propertius*, or *Moschus* his *Idyllion* of wingdring loue being now most excellently translated into Latine by the singular learned man *Angelus Politianus*: Which worke I haue scene amongst other of this Poetes doinges: very well translated also into English Rymes.

Wimble and wrighte, Quicke and deliuer.

In the heele, is verry Poetically spoken, and not without special iudgement. For I remember, that in *Homer* it is saide of *Thetis*, that shee tooke her young babe *Achilles* beyng newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the Ryuer of *Stryx*. The vertue whereof is, to defend and keepe the bodies washed therein from any mortall wound. So *Achilles* beyng washed all ouer, saue onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable: therefore by *Paris* was feyned to bee shotte with a poysoned arrowe in the heele, whiles he was busie about the marying of *Polyxena* in the temple of *Apollo*. Which mysticall fable *Eupistathius* unfolding, saith: that by wounding the heele, is meant lustfull loue, For from the heele (as say the best phisitions) to the priuie partes there passe certaine veines and slender sinnewes, as also the like come from the head, and are carried like little pypes behinde the eares: so that (as sayth *Hippocrates*) if those veines there bee cut a funder the partie straight becommeth cold and vnfriutfull. Which reason our Poet well weighing,

maketh

maketh this shephcardes boy of purpose to be wounded by Loue in the heele.

Lasched, caught.

Wroken, reuenged.

For once, In this tale is sette our the simplicitie of shephcardes opinion of Loue.

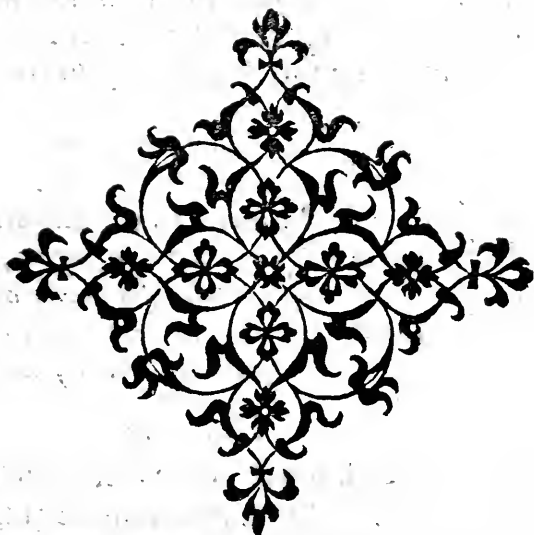
Stouping Phoebus, Is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, that all the delightes of Lone, wherein wanton youthe walloweth, bee but follye mixte with bitternesse, and sorrowe sawced with repentaunce. For besides that the verie affection of Lone it selfe tormenteth the minde, and vexeth the bodie many wayes, with vnrestfulnesse all night, and wearinesse all day, seeking for that wee cannot haue, and finding that wee would not haue: euen the selfe thinges which best befores vs liked, in course of time, and chaunge of riperyeeres, which also therewithall chaungeth our woonted liking and former fantasies, will then seeme lothesome and breede vs annoyaunce, when youthes flower is withered, and wee finde our bodyes and wittes aunswere not to such vaine iollitie and lustfull pleasaunce.

C 3

Aegloga.



April.



Aegloga Quarta.

Argument.

THis Aeglogue is purposely intended to the honour and prayse of our most gracious soueraigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenot, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here sette forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great misaduenture in Loue, whereby his minde was alienate and with drawne not onely from him, who most loued him, but also from all former delightes and studies as well in pleasaunt piping, as cunning ryming and singing, and other hys laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion for prooffe his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a song, which they sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Maiestie, whome abruptly he termeth Elisa.

Thenot.

Hobbinoll.

Tell me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greeke?
 What: hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytozne?
 Or is thy Bagpipe broke, that soundes so swæte?
 Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlozne?

Or bene thine eies attemptyd to the yeare,

Quenching

Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne:
Like Aprill showre, so streames the trickling teares
Wdowne thy chéeke, to quench thy thirstie paine.

Hobbinoll.

For this, nor that, so much doth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whome long I loued so deare,
Now loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scozne:
He plunged in paine, his tressed lockes doth teare.

Shepherdes delight he doth them all forswear.
His pleasaunt Pipe, which made vs meriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His wonted songes, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lament:
Is loue such pinching paine to them, that proue?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to bide loue?

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne Shepherdes boye:
Him Lone hath wounded with a deadly dart.
Whilome on him was all my care and ioye,
Forcing with giftes to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me his madding minde is start,
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne:
So now saye Rosalinde hath brede his smart,
So now his friend is chaunged for a frenne,

Thenot.

But if his ditties be so trimly dight,
I pray the Hobbinoll, recorde some one,
The whiles our flockes doe gaze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in this shade alone.

Hobbinoll.

Contented I: then will I sing his laye
Of saye Elisa, Quene of Shepherdes all:
Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,
And turned it vnto the waters fall.

Aprill.

Ye daintie Symphes, that in this blessed Booke
doe bathe your best,
Forake your watric bowzes, and hether loke,
at my request.

And eke you Virgins, that ^{on} no Parnasse dwell,

Whence floweth Helicon the learned well,

Helpe me to blaze

Her worthy prayse,

Which in her seve doth all excell.

Of sayze Elisa be your siluer song,
that blessed wight;

The flowze of Virgins, may she flourish long,

In princely plight.

For thee is Syrinx daughter without spotte:

Which Pan the shepheardes God of her begotte:

So sprong her grace

Of heauenly race,

So mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie Greene,

(O seemely sight)

Clad in Scarlot like a mayden Quene,

And Cremines white.

Vpon her head a Cremosin coronet,

With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:

Weyleaves betwene,

And Primroses Greene

Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angelike face,

Like Phoebe sayze?

Her heauenly haueour, her princely grace

can you well compare?

The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,

In either cheeke depeinden linely chere.

Her modest eye,

Her Maestie,

Where haue you seene the like, but there?

I sawe Phœbus thrust out his golden hed,
Upon her to gaze :

But when he saw, how broad her beames did spred,
It did him amaze.

He blusht to see another Sunne below,

He durst againe his fire face out show :

Let him, if he dare,

His brightnesse compare

With hers, to haue the ouerthrow.

Shew thy selfe Cynthia with thy siluer rates,

and be not abasht :

When the the beames of her beautie displaies,

O how art thou dasht :

But I will not match her with Laronaes seede,

Such follie great sorrow to Niobe did breede,

Now she is a stone,

And makes daily mone,

Warning all other to take heede.

Pan may be proude, that euer he begot

such a Bellibone,

And Syrinx reioyce, that euer was her lot

to beare such an one.

Some as my younglings cryen for the dam,

To her will I offer a milke white Lamb :

Shee is my goddesse plaine,

And I her shepheards swaine,

Albee for swonck and for swatt I am.

I see Calliope speed her to the place,

where my Goddesse shines :

And after her the other Muses trace,

With their Violines.

Bene they not Bay-branches, which they do beare,

All for Elisa in her hand to weare :

So sweetely they play :

And sing all the way,

That it a heauen is to heare.

April.

Lo how finely the graces can it sorte
to the Instrument :

They dauncen deffly, and singen sofe,
in their meriment.

Wants not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euen :

Let that rosome to my Ladie be geuen ?

Shee shalbe a grace,

To fill the fourth place,

And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bryght,
raunged in a rowe ?

They bene all Ladies of the lake behight,
that vnto her goe.

Chlores, that is the chiefest Symph of all,

Of Oliue bzaunches beares a Cozonall :

Oliues bene for peace,

When warres do surcease :

Such for a Princeesse bene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the græne,
hie you there apace :

Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
to adorne her grace.

And when you come, whereas she is in place,

See, that your rudenesse do not you disgrace :

Winde your fillets fast,

And gird in your waist.

For more finesse, with a talwdie lace.

Bring heather the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
with Bellifloures :

Bring Cozonations, and Soys in wine,
woyne of Paramours.

Strow me the ground with Daffadowillies,

And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and lousd Lillies :

The pretie Pawanee,

And the Cheuifance.

Shall match with the faire floure Delice,

Now

How rise by Elisa, becke as thou art,
in royall aray :

And now ye daintie Damsels may depart
eche one her way.

I feare, I haue troubled your troupses too long:

Let damie Elisa thanke you for her song.

And if you come heather,

When Damselines I gather,

I will part them all among.

Thenot.

And was thiske same song of Colins owne making :

Ah foolish boy, that is with lone yblent :

Great pittie is, he be in such taking,

For naught caren, that bene so lewely bent.

Hobbinoll,

Sicker I hold him, for a greater son,

That loues the thing, he cannot purchase:

But let vs homeward for night draweth on,

And twinkling starres the dailight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certe,

D 2



41
April.

GLOSSE.

Cars thee greete, causeth thee weepe and complaine. Forlorne, left and for taken.
Attempted to the yeere, agreeable to the season of the yeere, that is April, which moneth is most bent to shewes and seasonable raine: to quench, that is, to delay the drought, caused through drinelle of March windes.

The ladde, Colin Clout. The lasse, Rosalinda. Tressed lockes, withered and curled.
Is he for a ladde, A straunge maner of speaking, f. what maner of lad is he
To make, to rime and versifie. For in this word, making, our olde English Poets were wont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrie, according to the Greek word *Poiein*, to make, whence cometh the name of Poets.

Colours thou kenst, knowest, seemeth heereby that Colin pertaineth to some Southerne noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent, the rather because hee so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, *A slythe*, as lasse of Kent.

The widowes, Hee calleth Rosalind the Widowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to colour and conceale the person, then simply spoken. For it is wel knowne, euen in spite of *Colin* and *Hobbinoll*, that she is a Gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endewed with any vulgar and common gifts both of nature and manners: but such in deede, as neede neither *Colin* bee ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor *Hobbinoll* be grieued, that to see should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singuler vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then either *Myrto* the most excellent Poet *Theocritus* his dearing, or *Lawrence* the diuine *Petrarch* his Goddesse, or *Himera* the wortheie Poet *Stesichorus* his Idole: Vpon whome he is said so much to haue doted, that in regrad of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote against the beautie of *Helena*. For which his presumptuous and vnheedie hardinesse, he is sayd by vengeance of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost both his eyes.

Frenne, a straunger, The word I thinke was first poetically put, and afterward vied in common custome of speech for forrenne.

Light, adorned. *Loys,* a songe, as Roundelays and Virelayes.
In all this song is not to be respected, what the worthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor what to the highnesse of a Prince is agreeable, but what is most comely for the meanesse of a shepheards wit, or to conceiue, or to viter. And therefore he calleth her *Elysia*, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: and a shepheards daughter, it being very vnfit, that a shepheards boy brought vp in the sheepefold, should know, or euer seeme to haue heard of a Queenes royaltie.

Tee daintie, is, as it were an *Exordium ad preparandos animos*.

Virgins, the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo and Memorie, whose abode the Poets faine to be on Parnassus, a hill in Greece, for that in that countrey specially flourished the honour of all excellent studies.

Helicon, is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mountaine in Boeotia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses: of which spring it is saide, that when *Pegasus* the winged horse of *Perseus* (whereby is meant fame and flying renowme) strooke the ground with his hoofe, sodainly thereout sprang a wel of most cleare, and pleasant water, which fro thence was consecrate to the Muses and Ladies of learning.

Your silver song, seemeth to imitate the like in *Hesiodus argureum melos*.

Syrinx, is the name of a Nymphe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in loue pursued she flying from him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the reedes in fteede of the *Damofel*, and puffing hard (for he was almost out of winde) with his breath made the reeds to pipe: which he seeing tooke of them, and in remembrance of his lost loue, made him a pipe thereof. But here by Pan and *Syrinx* is not to be thought, that the shepheard simply meant those Poeticall Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progeny to be diuine and immortall (so as the Paynims were wont to iudge of all Kings and Princes, according to Homers laying,

Thumos de megas esti diotrephéos basileos.

Time d'ek dios esti, philes de è metieta Zeu,)

could diuise no parents in his iudgement so worthie for her, as Pan the shepherdes God, and his best beloued Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious king, her highnesse Father, late of worthie memorie king Henry the eight. And by that name, oftentimes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mightie Potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the very Pan and God of shepherds.

Cremosin Coronet, hee deuileth her crowne to bee of the finest and most delicat flowers, in steede of pearles and precious stones, wherewith Princeesse Diademes vs to bee adorned and embost.

Emblemysh, beautified and set out.

Phæbe, the Moone, whom the Poets saie to be sister vnto Phæbus, that is the Sunne.

Medled, mingled.

Mixed, together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White, is ment the vniing of the two principall houses of Lancaster and of Yorke: by whose long discorde and deadly debate, this Realme many yeares was tore trauailed, and almost cleane decayed. Till the famous Henry the seuenth, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wife the most vertuous Princeesse Elizabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the most royall Henry the Eight aforclaide, in whom was the first vnion of the White rose, and the Redde.

Calliope, one of the nyne Muses: to whom they assigne the honour of all Poeticall inuention, and the first glory of the Heroicall verse, other say, that she is the Goddesse of Rhetorick: but by Virgill it is manifest, that they mistake the king. For therein his Epigrams, that arte seemeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying:

Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.

Which seemeth specially to be meant of Action and elocation, both speciall partes of Rhetorick: beside that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembrance, containeth another part. But I hold rather with them, which call her Polymnia, or Polyhymnia of her good singing.

Bay Branches, be the signe of honour and victory, and therefore of mightie Conquerors worne in their trimmhes, and eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in his Sonets.

Arbor vittoriosæ triumphale,

Honor d'Imperadori & di Poeti, &c.

The Graces, bee three sisters, the daughters of Iupiter, (whose names are *Agalæa*, *Thea*, *Euphrosyne*: and *Homer* onely addeth a fourth, *Pasithea*) otherwise called *Charites*, that is thanks. Whom the poets saied to bee Goddeses of all beautie and comelinesse, which therefore (as saith *Theodotius*) they make three, to weete, that men first ought to be gracious and bountifull to other freely, then to receiue benefites at other mens hands couteously: and thirdly to requite them thankfully: which are three sundry adions in liberality. And *Boccace* saith, that they be painted naked, (as they were in deed on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæsar) the one hauing her backe toward vs, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from vs: the other two toward vs, noting double thanke to bee due to vs for the benefit wee haue done.

Deffly, finely and nimbly.

Soote, sweete.

Meriment, mirth.

Beutie, A beautie of Ladies, is spoken figuratiuely for a company or a troupe, the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a benie of larkes, euen as a Couey of Patridges, or an eye of Pheafants.

Ladies of the Lake, bee Nymphes. For it was an olde opinion among the auncient Heathen, that of euerie spring and fountaine was a godnesse the Soneraigne. Which opinion stucke in the mindes of men not many yeares sithence, by meanes of certaine fine fablers, and lowd lyers, such as were the authours of king Arthure the great, and such like who tell

Aprill.

many an vnlawfull leaſing of the Ladies of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the worde Nympe in Greeke ſigniſieth Well water, or otherwiſe, a Spouſe or Bride.

B. dight, called or named.

Cloris, the name of a Nymph and ſigniſieth greenefſe, of whom is ſaide, that Zephyrus the Weſterne winde being in loue with her, and coueting her to wife, gaue her for a dowry, the chieſedom and ſoueraintie of all flowers and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Oliues benz, the Oliue was wont to be the enſigne of peace and quietneſſe either for that it can not be planted & pruned, and ſo careſully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace; or els for that the Oliue tree they ſay, will not grow neare the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vſed moſt for Spears and other inſtruments of warre. Whereupon is finely ſained that when Neptune and Minerua ſtrooue for the naming of the Citie of Athens, Neptune ſtriking the ground with his Mace, cauſed a liorte to come forth, that importeth warre, but at Mineruas ſtroke ſprung out an Oliue, to note that it ſhoulde beea nuite of learning, and ſuch peaceable ſtudies.

Binde your, ſpoken rudely, and according to ſhepheards ſimplicitee.

Bring, all theſe be names of flowers. Sops in wine, a flower in colour much like to a Corone, but differing in ſnell and quantitie. Flowre delice, that which they uſe to miſterme, Flowre delice, being in Latin called *Flos deliciarum*.

A bellibone, or a Bonnibell, homely ſpoken for a faire maide or Bonitaſſe.

Forſwornecke, and *forſwear*, ouerlaboured and ſunneburnt.

I ſaw Phœbus, the ſunne: a ſenſible narration, and a preſent view of the thing mentioned, which they call *Paroſia*.

Cynthia, the Moone, ſo called of *Cinthus* a hill, where ſhe was honoured.

Latona ſeed, was *Apollo*, and *Diana*. Whom when as *Niobe* the wife of *Amphion* ſcorned, in reſpect of the noble fruit of her wombe, namely her ſeuē ſonnes, and ſo many daughters, *Latona* being therewith diſpleaſed, commanded her ſonne *Phœbus* to ſlay all the ſonnes, and *Diana* all the daugters: whereat the vnfortunate *Niobe* being ſore diſmaied, and lamenting out of meaſure, was ſained of the Poets to be turned into a ſtone vpon the Sepulchre of her children, for which cauſe the ſhepherd ſaith, he will not compare her to them, for feare of miſfortune.

Now riſe, is the concluſion. For hauing ſo decked her with praiſes and compariſons, he returneth all the thanke of his labour to the excellencie of her Maieſtie.

When Dauiſins, A baſe rewarde of a clowniſh giuer.

Tulent, Y, is a Pœticall addition, blent, blinded.

Embleme.

This Poeticke is taken out of *Virgil*, and there of himſelfe vſed in the perſon of *Aeneas* to his mother *Venus*, appearing to him in likenefſe of one of *Dianes* damoſels: being there moſt diuinely ſet forth. To which ſimilitude of diuinitie *Hobbinoll* comparing the excellency of *Elyſa*, and being through the worthineſſe of *Colins* tong, as it were, ouercome with the hugeneſſe of his imagination, buſteth out in great admiration, (*O quam te memorem virgo I*) being otherwiſe vnable, then by ſodaine ſilence, to expreſſe the worthineſſe of his conceite. Whom *Thome* anſwereth with another parte of the like verſe, as confirming by his graunt and approuance, that *Elyſa* is no whit inferiour to the Maieſtie of her, of whom the Poet ſo boldly pronounced, *O Dea certe*,

Maye.

Maye.



Ægloga Quinta.

Argument.

IN this first Æglogue, under the person of two shepheardes Piers and Palinode, be represented two formes of Pastours or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholique, whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must bee like the other, with whom hauing shewed, that it is daungerous to maintaine anie felowship, or giue too much credit to their colorable and fained good-will, he telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that by such a counterpoint of craftines deceiued and deuoured the credulous Kidde.

Palinode.

May.

Palinode.

Piers.

IS not thilke the merie moneth of May,
When loue lads masken in fresh aray?
How falles it then, we no merrier beene,
Like as others, girt in galwdie greene?
Dur blanket liueries bene all to sadde,
For thilke same season, when all is ycladde
With pleasance: the ground with grasse, the Woods,
With greene leaues, the bushes with blossoming Woods,
Poughthes folke now flocken in euerie where,
To gather May-baskets and smelling Bzere:
And home they hasten the postes to night,
And all the kirke pillours eare day light,
With halwozne budds, and sweete Eglantine.
And girlands of Roses and Sops in wine.
Such merie make holy Saintes both queme,
But we here sitten as dzolnd in a dzeme.

P I E R S.

For Pounkers Palinode such follies fitte,
But we tway bene men of elder witte.

P A L I N O D E.

Sicker this mo:ow, no lenger agoe,
I saw a shole of shepheards out goe,
With singing, and shouting, and iollie there:
Besore them yode a lustie Labzere,
What to the manie a ho:ne pype plaide,
Whereto they dauncen ech one with his maide.
To see those folkes make such ioyplausce,
Made my hart after the pipe to daunce.
Who to the greene Wood they speeden them all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall:
And home they bzingen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king; and his Dneene attone
Was Ladie Flora, on whom did attend
A faire flocke of faeries, and a fresh bend.

Of louely Pimphees. (O that I were there,
 To helpe the Ladies their Maybush beare.)
 Ah Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
 How great sport they gaynen with litle swinke.

Piers.

Verdie so farre am I from enuie,
 That their sondnesse inly I pittie.
 Those fayfours litle regarden their charge,
 While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
 Wassen their time, that should be sparely spent,
 In lustihede and wanton meriment.
 Whilke same bene shepheards for the diuels stedde,
 That playen, while their flockes be vnfedde.
 Well it is seene, their sheepe be not their owne,
 That letten them runne at randon alone.
 But they bene hired for litle pay
 Of other, that caren as litle as they,
 What fallen the flocke, so they han they fleece,
 And get all the gaine, paying but a pece.
 I muse, what accompt both these will make,
 The one for the hire, which he doth take,
 And thother for leauing his Lords taske,
 When gread Pan account of shepheards should aske.

Palinode.

Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight,
 All for thou lackest somdele their delight.
 I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
 All were it of my foe, then forly pitied:
 And yet if neede were, pitied would be,
 Rather, than other should scozne at me:
 For pitied is mishap, that nas remedie,
 But scozned bene deedes of fond foolerte.
 What shoulde shepheards other things send,
 When sith their God his good does them send,
 Reapen the fruit thereof, that is pleasure,
 The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure?
 For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,

Maye.

They sleepe in rest, well as other moe,
Who with them wends, what they spent in cost,
But what they left behinde them, is lost.
God is no good, but if it be spende;
God giueth good for none other end.

Piers.

Oh Palinode, thou art a woordes childe:
Who touches Pitch mought needes be defilde.
But shepheards (as Algrind vsed to saie.)
Mought not liue ylike, as men of the laie:
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage do impaire:
They must provide for meanes of maintenance,
And to continue their wont countenance.
But shepheard must walke another way.
Sike wooldly sauenance he must forsay.
The sonne of his loines why he should regard
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard:
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
Eke cherish his childe, if in his waies he stood:
For if he misline in lewdnes and lust,
Little bootes all the wealth and the trust,
That his father left by inheritance:
All will be soone wasted with misgouernance.
But thzough this, and other their miscreance,
They maken many a wrong cheuisance,
Heaping by waues of wealth and woe,
The floods whereof shall them ouerflow.
Sike mens folly I cannot compare
Better, then to the Apes foolish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So often times, when as good is ment,
Euill ensueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may againe refozne;

(For

(For ought may happen, that hath bene befoze)
 When shepheards had none inheritance,
 Of land, nor fee in sufferance:
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
 Well ytwis was it with shepheards thoe:
 Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgoe,
 For Pan himselſe was their inheritance,
 And little them serued for their maintenance,
 The shepheards God so well them guided,
 That of nought they were vnprouided,
 Butter enough, hony, milke, and whay,
 And their flockes flæces them to araye.
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie:
 That nource of vice, this of insolencie,
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
 That not content with loyall obeysance,
 Some gan to gaze for grædie gouernance,
 And match themselſe with mightie potentates,
 Louers of Lordship and troublers of states:
 Who gan shepheards swaines to looke aloft,
 And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft:
 Who vnder colour of shepheards, some while
 There crept in Wolues, full of fraude and guile,
 That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
 And often the shepheards, that did him keepe.
 This was the first sourse of shepheards sorow,
 That now will be quit with baile, nor bozow.

Palinode.

Whæe things to beare, bene ver y burdenous,
 But the fourth to forbear, is outragious,
 Whemen that of Loues longing once lust,
 Hardly forbearen, but haue it they must:
 So whan choler is inflamed with rage,
 Wanting reuenge, is hard to asswage:
 And who can counsell a thirſtie soule,
 With patience to forbear the offered bowle?

Maye.

But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Most is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I weene the geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height,
Thou findest fault, where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground.
Thou railst on right without reason,
And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
How wouldest shepheards liue, if not so?
What should they pynen in paine and woe?
Pay sayd I thereto, by my deare bozrow,
If I may rest, I will liue in sorrow.
Sorrow ne neede be hastened on:
For he will come without calling anon,
While times enduren of tranquillitie,
When we freely our felicitie.
For when appzochen the stormie stowres,
We mought wth our shoulders beare of the sharp sholwres.
And soth to sayne, nought seemeth like strife,
That shepheards so witen eche others life,
And layen her faultes the world befozne,
The while their foes done ech of hem scozne.
Let none mislike of that may not be amended,
So contekke soone by concozd mought be ended.

Piers.

Shepheard, I list no accordance make
With shepheard, that does the right way forsake.
And of the twaine, if choise were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my friend he be.
For what concozd han light and darke faim?
Or what peace was the Lion with the Lambe?
Such faitors, when their false hearts bene bid,
Will do, as did the fore by the hind.

Palinode.

Now Piers, of fellowship, tell vs that saying:
For the Lad can keep both our flockes from straying.

Piers.

Thlike same kisse(as I can well deuise)
Was to verie foolish and vnwise.

Foz on a time in Sommer season,
The Gate her dame,that had good reason.
Fode forth abroad vnto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what she thought good.
But foz she had a motherlie care
Of her young sonne,and wit to beware,
She set her youngling befoze her knee,
That was both fresh and louely to see,
And full of fauour,as kisse mought be:
His Helmet head began to shoot out,
And his wretched hoznes gan newly sprout:
The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth ranckly vnder his chinne.

My sonne(quothe she) and with that gan wepe:
Foz carefull thoughts in her hart did crepe)
God blesse the poore D,phane,as he mought me,
And send the ioy of thy iollitee
Thy father (that wo:ld she spake with paine:
Foz a sigh had nigh rent her hart in twaine)
Thy father,had he liued this day,
To see the bzanches of his body display,
How would he haue ioyed at this sweet sight:
But ah false fortune such ioy did him spight,
And cut of his dayes with vntimely woe,
Betraying him vnto the traines of his foe.
Now I a wailefull widow behight,
Of my old age haue this one delight,
To see thee succede in thy fathers steade,
And flourish in flowers of lussie heade.
Foz euen so thy father his head bpheld,
And so his hautie hoznes did he weld.

Who marking him with melting eyes,
A thirling throbbe from her hart did arise,
And interrupted all her other speech,

Maye.

With some olde sorow that made a new bzeach:
 Seemed the saw in (the younglings face
 The olde lineaments of his fathers grace,
 At last her soleine silence she broke.

And gan his new budded beard to stroke
 Kiddie (quoth she) thou kenst the great care,
 I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
 Which manie wilde beastes ligen in waite,
 For to entrap in thy tender state:

But most the fore, maister of collusion:
 For he was bowed thy last confusion,
 For thy my Kiddie be rulde by me.

And neuer giue trust to his trecherie:
 And if he chance come, when I am abroad,
 Sperre the yate fast for feare of fraude,
 Be for all his woost, nor for his best
 Open the doze at his request.

So scholed the Gate her wanto sonne,
 That answered his mother, all should be done.
 Who went the pensue Dame out of doze,
 And chaunst to stumble at the threshold floze:
 Her stombling step somewhat her amazed,
 (For such) as signes of ill lucke bene dispraised)
 Set forth the yode thereat halfe agast,
 And Kiddie the doze sperred after her fast.

It was not long, after she was gone,
 But the false fore came to the doze anone,
 Not as a fore, for then he had be kend,
 But all as a poze pedler he did wend,
 Bearing a trusse of trifles at his backe,
 As bells, and babes, and glasses in his packe.
 A Biggen he had got about his braine,
 For in his headpierce he felt a soze paine.
 His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
 For with great cold he had got the gout.
 Where at the doze he cast me dotone his packe,
 And laide him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack.

Ah deare Lord, and sweet Saint Charité,
 That some good body would once pittie mee.

Well heard Kiddle all this soze constraint,
 And lengd to know the cause of his complaint:
 Who crawing close behinde the Wickets clink,
 Priuily he peeped out throught a chink:
 Yet not so priuily, but the Fore him spyed:
 For deceiptfull meaning is double eyed.

Ah good yong maister (then gan he crye)
 Iesus blesse that sweet face I espye,
 And keepe your corpele from the carefull stounds
 That in my carrion carkas abounds.
 The Kiddle pittying his heauynesse
 Asked the cause of his great distresse,
 And also who, and whence that he were,
 Who he, that had well ycond his lere,
 Thus medled his talke with many a teare,
 Sicke, sicke, alas, a little lacke of deade,
 But I be reliened by your beastly head.
 I am a poore sheepe, albe my colour donne:
 For with long trauaile I am bzent in the sonne;
 And if that my Grandfire me saide, be true,
 Sicker I am very sybbe to you:
 So be your godly head do not disdain,
 The base kinred of so simple swaine.
 Of mercy and fauour then I you pray,
 With your aide to forsethall my neere decay.

Who out of his packe a glasse he toke:
 Wherein wile Kiddle vnwares did looke:
 He was so enamoured with the newell,
 That nought he deemed deare for the Jewell.
 Who opened he the doze, and in came
 The false fore, as he were starke lame.
 His taile he clapt betwixt his legs twaine,
 Lest he should be descried by his traine.

Being within, the Kiddle made him good glée,
 All for the loue of the glasse he did see.

Maye.

After his cheare the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesings of this, and that:
And how he could shew manie a fine knack,
Who shewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All saue a bell, which he had left behinde
In the basket for the Kidde to finde.
Which when the kidde stooped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch,
He stayed he once, the doze to make fast,
But ranne away with him in all hast.
Some when the doubtful Dame had her hide,
She mought see the doze stand open wide.
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her Kidde: but he nould answere at all.
Who on the floze she saw the merchandise,
Of which her sonne had set to deare a price.
What helpe? her Kidde she knew well is gone:
She weped and wailed, and made great mone.
Such end had the kidde, for he nould warned be
Of craft coloured with simplicitie:
And such end perdie does all him remaine,
That of such fallers friendship bene saine.

Palinode.

Truely Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit,
Now I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow
For our Sir John, to say to morrow,
At the Kerke, when it is holiday:
For well he meanes, but little can say,
But and if fores bene so craftie, as so,
Much needeth all shepheards him to know.

Piers.

Of their falsheid more could I recount,
But now the bright sonne ginneth to dismount:
And for the deawie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for vs home to hye.

Palinode.

Palinodes Embleme
Pas men apistos apistei.

Piers his Embleme,
Tis d'ara pistis apisto.

GLOSSE.

Thilke, this same moneth. It is applied to the season of the moneth, when all men delight themselves with pleasure of fieldes, and gardens and garments.

Blonkes lueries, gray coates. *Yead*, arrayed, Y, redoundeth, as before.

In euery where, a strange, yet proper kinde of speaking.

Bushets, a diminutiue of, little bushes of hawthorne.

Queme, please.

Kirke, Church.

A shole, a multitude, taken of fishe, whereof some going in great companyes, are sayde to swimme in a shole.

Yede, went.

Iouysaunce, ioye.

Swincke, labour.

Iuly, entirely.

Faytours, vagabonds.

Great Pan, is Christ, the very God of all shepherdes, which calleth himselfe the great and good shepard, The name is most rightly (me thinkes) applyed to him, for *Pan* signifieth all, or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of *Eusebius* in his fifth booke *De Preparat. Enange*, who thereof telleth a proper storie to that purpose. Which story is first recorded of *Plutarche*, in his booke of the ceasing of Itacles, and of *Lauatore* translated; in his booke of walking sprights. Who sayth, that about the same time, that our Lorde suffered his most bitter passion, for the redemption of man, certaine passengers sayling from *Italy* to *Cyprus*, and passing by certaine Isles called *Paxa*, heard a voyce calling alowde *Thamus*, *Thamus*, (now *Thamus* was the name of an Aegyptian, which was Pylote of the ship,) who giuing eare to the crye, was bidden, when hee came to *Palodes*, to tell that the great *Pan* was dead: which hee doubting to doe, yet for that when hee came to *Palodes*, there sodainely was such a calme of winde, that the ship stood styll in the seavmooued, he was forced to crye alowde, that *Pan* was dead: where withall there was heard such piteous outcries and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene thelike. By which *Pan*, though of some bee vnderstoode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time was by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as hee sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchanted spirittes, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held their peace) and also at the demand of the Emperour *Tiberius*, who that *Pan* should bee, answere was made him by the wisest and best learned, that it was the sonne of *Mercurie* and *Penelope*, yet I thinke it more properly ment of the death of Christ, the onely and very *Pan*, then suffering for his flocke.

For as I am, seemeth to imitate the common prouerb. *Malum Inuidere mihi omnes quam miserescere.*

Nas, is a syncope, for ne has, or has not: as noule, for would not.

The wish them, doth imitate the Epitaph of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, which caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by *Tully*.

„ *Hac habui que edi, queque exaurata libido*

„ *Huius, at illis marcent multa ac preclara reliqua.*

which may thus bee turned into English.

„ All that I eate did I ioy, and all that I greedily gorged:

„ As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Muchlike the Epitaph of a good olde Earle of Deuonshire, which though much more

May.

wif. dome be wrayeth, then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beaustlineffe, the tymes be these:

„ Ho, Ho, who lyes here?
 „ I the good Erle of Deuonshire,
 „ And Maulde my wyfe, that was full deare,
 „ Wee lyued together lv. yeare.
 „ That wee spent, wee had:
 „ That wee gaue, wee haue:
 „ That wee left, wee lost.

Algrim, the name of a shepheard.

Men of the Lay, Lay men.

Enaunter, least that

Souenaunce, remembrance.

Miscreaunce, dispaire or misbeliefe.

Cherisfaunce, sometime of Chaucer vsed for gaine: sometime of ocher for spoyle, or bootie or enterprife, and sometime for chiefedome.

Pan himselfe, God, according as is said in Deutonomie, that in diuision of the land of *Canaan*, to the tribe of *Leuie*, no portion of heritage should bee allotted, for God himselfe was their inheritaunce.

Some gan, ment of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which vsurp a tyrannicall dominion in the Church, and with Peters counterfait keyes, open a wide gate to all wickednes and insolent gouernment. Nought here spoken, as of purpose, to denie fatherly rule and gouernaunce (as some maliciously of late haue done to the great vnrest and hinderaunce of the Church) but to display the pride and disorder of such, as in steede of feeding their sheepe in deede seeede of their sheepe.

Sourfe, wellspring and originall.

Barowe, pledge or suertie.

The Giaunt, is the great Atlas, whom the Poets sayne to be a huge Giaunt, that beareth Heauen on his shoulders: being in deede a maruaylous high mountaine in Mautania, that now is Barbarie, which to mans seeming perceeth the cloudes, and seemeth to touche the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fable was ment of one Atlas king of the same country, (who as the Greekes say) did first finde out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination, wherefore the Poets sayned, that hee sustayned the firmament on his shoulders: Many other coniectures needelesse be tolde hereof.

Warke, Worke.

Enchason, cause, occasion.

Deare borow, that is our Sauour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

Wye en, blame.

Nought seemeth, is vnseemly.

Conteck, strife, contention.

Her, their, as vseth Chaucer.

Han, for haue.

Sau, together.

This tale is much like to that in Aesops fables, but the Carastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may bee vnderstoode the simple sorte of the faithfull and true Christians. By his damme Christ, that hath alreadie with carefull warch-words (as here doth the gore) warned her little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Foxe, the false and faithlesse Papistes, to whom is no credit to be giuen, nor fellowship to be vsed.

The gate, the Gore: Northeinly spoken, to turne O into A.

Tode, went, aforesayd.

Shee set, A figure called *Fictio*, which vseth to attribute reasonable actions, and speeches to vnreasonable creatures.

The blossomes of lust, be the young and mossy hayres, which then begin to sprout and shoote forth, when lustfull heate beginneth to kinde.

And with, a very poeticall *Pardos*.

Orphane, a youngling or pupill, that needeth a tutor or gouernour.

That worde, a patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

The braunch, of the fathers body, is the childe.

For euen so, alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgil.

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora serbat.

A thrilling throb, a pearching sithe.

Liggen, lye,

Maister of collusion, i. coloured guile, because the Foxe of all beastes is most wily and craftye.

Sperre the yase, shut the doore.

For such, the Gores stombling is here noted as an euill signe. The like to bee marked in all histories: and that not the least of the Lorde Hastings in king Richard the thinde m^o dayes. For beside his dangerous dreame (which was a shrewde prophesie of his mishap, that followed) it is sayd, that in the morning riding to ward the towre of London, there to sit vpon matters of counsell, his horse stombled twise or thrise by the way: which of some, that riding with him in his company, were priuie to his neere desteny was secretly marked, and afterward noted for memorie of his great mishap, that entewed. For being then as merie as man might bee, and least doubting any mortall daunger, hee was within two howres after, of the tyrant put to a shamefull death.

As belles, by such trifles are noted; the reliques and ragges of popish superstition; which put no small religion in Belles, and Babies. f. Idoles, and glasses. f. Paxes, and such like trumperies.

Great colde, for they boast much of their outward patience, and voluntarie, sufferance as a worke of merice and holy humbleness.

Sweete S. Charitie, the Catholiques common othe, and onely speache, to haue charity alwayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outward Actions, but neuer inwardly in sayth & godly zeale.

Clicker, a key hole. Whose diminutiue is clicket; vsed of Chaucer for a key.

Stowndes, sittes: aforesaide. His lere, his lesson. Medled, mingled.

Beastly head, a greeting to the person of a beast. Sibbe, of kynne.

Newell, a new thing. To forefall, to prevent. Glee, cheare: aforesayd.

Deare a price, his lyfe, which hee lost for those toyes.

Such end, is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale, whose purpose isto warne the protestant beware, how hee geueth credite to the vnfaithfull Catholique: whereof wee haue dayly proofes sufficient, but one most famous of all, praised of late yeeres by Charles the nyenth.

Fayne, gladd or desirous.

Our sir Iohn, a Popish priest, A saying fit for the groseness of a shepheard, but spoken to craunte vnlearned Priestes.

Dismount, descend or let.

Nye, draweth neere.

Embleme.

Both these Emblemes make one whole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that bee distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis verse, intending, that who doth most mistrust is most false. For such experience in falsehood breedeth mistrust in the minde, thinking no lesse guile to lurke in others, then in himselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replieth with an other peece of the same verse, saying as in his former fable, what faith then is there in the saythlesse. For if sayth be the ground of religion, which sayth they dayly false, what hold then is there of their religion. And this is all that they say.

F 2

June.



June.



Aegloga Sexta.

Argument.

THis Aeglogue is whollie towred to the complayninge of Collins ill successe in his love. For being (as is a foresayde) enamored of a Countrey lasse Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) founde Place in her heart, hee lamenteth to his deare frinde Hobbinoll, that hee is now forsaken y^e falslythfully, and in his sleede Menalcas another shepheard receined disloyallie. And this is the whole Argument of this Aeglogue.

Hobbinoll

Hobbinoll. Colin Clout.

L O Colin, here the place, whose plesant sight
 From other shades hath weand my wandring minde,
 Tell mee, what wants mee here, to worke delight:
 The simple ayre, the gentle warbling winde,
 So calme, so coole, as no where else I finde:
 The grassie ground with daintie Dayssies dight,
 The Bramble bush, where Bydes of euery kinde
 To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLLIN.

O happie Hobbinoll, I blesse thy state,
 That Paradise hast founde which Adam lost,
 Here wander may thy flocke early or late,
 Withouten dread of Wolves to bene ystost:
 Thy louely layes here maist thou fræly bolle.
 But I unhappie man, whom cruell fate,
 And angrie Gods pursue from coste to coste,
 Can no where finde, to shouer my lucklesse pate:

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by mee thou list aduised be,
 Forsacke the soyle, that so doth thee bewitch:
 Leauue mee those hilles, where harbzough nis to see,
 For holy-bush, nor bzere, nor winding witch.
 And to the dales resoꝛt, where shepheards ritche,
 And fruitfull flocks bene euery where to see.
 Here no night Hauen lodge moze black then pitch,
 Nor eluith ghosts, nor gassly Woles doe see.

But frindly Faeries, met with many Graces,
 And lightfoote Nymphes can chase the lingring night,
 With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
 Whilst sisters nyne, which dwell on Pernasse bight,
 Doe make them musick, for their moze delight:
 And Pan himselte to kisse their chrystall faces.
 Whilst pype and daunce, when Phœbe shineth bright:
 Such pierlesse pleasures haue wee in these places.

June,

COLLIN.

And I, whilst youth, and course of carelesse yeres,
Did let mee walke withouten lincks of loue,
In such delights did Ioy amongst my peeres:
But ryper age such pleasures doth reprove,
By fantasie eke from former follies moue
To stayed steps for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which weren olde aboute)
And draweth newe delights with hoarie heares.

Who coulch I sing of loue, and tune my pype
Vnto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:
Who would I seeke for Queene-apples vnrype,
To giue my Rosalind, and in Sommer shade
Wight gaudie Girmonds, was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but yeres moze rype,
And losse of her, whose loue as lyfe I wayde,
Those weary wanton toyes alway did wype.

HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and rounde layes,
Which thou were wont on wastefull hilles to sing,
I moze delight, then lark in Sommer dayes:
Whose Echo made the neighbour groones to ring,
And taught the byrdes, which in the lower spring
Did throude in shady leaues from sunny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their cheerefull cheriping,
Do holde their peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I saue Calliope with Muses moe,
Soone as the Datten pype began to sounde,
Their yuozye Luites and Timburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they sat arounde,
Kenne after hastely thy silver sounde.
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst shewe,
They drawe abacke, as halfe with shame confounde,
Shepheard to see, them in their art out-goe.

COLLIN.

Of Muses Hobbinoll, I conne no skill,
 For they bene daughters of the higest Ioue,
 And holden scoorne of homely shepheards quill.
 For sith I heard, that Pan with Phœbus stroue,
 Which him to much rebuke and Daunger droue,
 I neuer list presume to Parnasse hill,
 But pyping low in shade of lowlie groue,
 I plate to please my selfe, all bee it ill.

2. Nought weigh I, who my song doth praise or blame,
 He strue to winnes, renowne, or passe the rest:
 With shepheard sittes not; followe flying fame:
 But seede his flocke in fieldes, where falls hem best.
 I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest,
 The sifter they, my carefull case to frame:
 Enough is mee to paint out my vnrest,
 And poure my piteous plaintes out in the same.

The God of shepheards Tityrus is dead,
 Who taught mee homely, as I can, to make:
 Hee: whilst hee liued, was the soueraigne head
 Of shepheards all, that bene with loue ytake.
 Well couth hee waile his woes, and lightly slake
 The flames, which loue within his heart had bredde,
 And tell vs merry tales, to keepe vs wake,
 The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Nowe dead hee is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
 (Why should death on him such out rage shewe?)
 And all his passing skill with him is fledde,
 The same whereof doth daylie greater growe.
 But if on mee some little drops would stowe,
 Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
 I soue would learne these woods, to waile my woe
 And teache the trees, their trickling teares to shedde,

Then

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When should my plaintes, cause of discurtesee,
As messengers of my plainefull plight,
Fly to my loue, where euer that thee bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of woorthy wight;
As thee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou Menalcas, that by trecherie
Didst vnderfong my lasse, to ware so light,
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanee.

But since I am not, as I wishe I were,
Pee gentle shepheards, which your flocks doe feede,
Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of this so wicked deede:
And tell the lasse, whose floure is twore a weede,
And faultlesse faith, is turned to faithlesse feere,
That thee the truest shepheards heart made bleede,
That lyues on earth, and loued her most deere.

H O B B I N O L L.

O carofull Colin, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest stint to flowe,
Oh faithlesse Rosalind, and boyde of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
When rise yee blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes doe you forlose,
And wett your tender Lambs, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.
Gia sperre spenta.



Syze, situation and place.

Paradise, A Paradise in Greeke, signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compared the soyle, wherein *Hobbinol* made his abode, to that earthly Paradise, in Scripture called *Eden*, wherein *Adam* in his first creation was placed. Which of the moste learned is thought to be in *Mesopotamia*, the most fertile and pleasant countrey in the world (as may appeare by *Diodorus Syculus* description of it, in the history of *Alexanders* conquest thereof) lying betwene the two famous Riuers (which are sayd in Scripture to flow out of Paradise) *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, whereof it is so denominate.

Forake the soyle. This is no Poeticall fiction, but vnfeynedly spoken of the Poet selfe, who for special occasion of priuate affayres (as I haue been partly of him selfe informed) and for his more preferment, remoued out of the North partes came into the South, as *Hobbinol* in deed aduised him priuately.

Those hills, that is in the North country, where he dwelt. *Nis*, is not.

The dales. The South parts, where he now abideth, which though they bee full of hills and woods (for Kent is very hilly and woody, and therefore so called: for *Kauish* in the Saxons tongue signifieth woody) yet in respect of the North parts they bee called dales. For indeed the North is counted the higher country.

Night Ravens, &c. By such hateful byrds, he meaneth all misfortunes (whereof they be tokens) flying euery where.

Friendly Faeries, the opinion of Faeries and Elfs is very olde, and yet sticketh very religiously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfs out of mennes heartes, the truth is, that there be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the thinges, but onely by a sorte of balde Fryers and knauish flauelynges so faigned, whiche as in all other thynges, so in that, sought to nouse the common people in ignorance, least beeyng once acquainted with the truth of thynges, they woulde in tyme smel out theyr vntweth of theyr packed pelfe and Masse-peny religion. But the soothe is, that when all Italy was distreite into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gibalyns, beeyng two famous houses in Florence, the name beganne through theyr great mischiefes and manye outrages, to bee so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if theyr Chyldren at anye tyme were frowarde and wanton, they woulde saye to them that the Guelfe or the Gibelyne came. Whiche wordes now from them (as many thynges else) bee come into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gibelynes, we say Elfs and Goblyns. No otherwise then the Frenchmen vsed to say of that valiant captayne, the very scourge of Fraunce, the Lorde of Talbot, afterwarde Earle of Shrewsbury, whose noblenesse bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that oft tymes euen great armyes were defaicted and put to flight at the onely hearing of his name. In so much that the French women, to asray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh.

Many Graces, though there bee in deede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the vmost but foure, yet in respect of many giftes of bountie, there may be layd more. And so Musæus sayth, that in Heroes eyther eye there sat a hundred Graces. And by that authority, this same Poette in hys Pageauntes sayeth, An hundred Graces on her eyelidde. *fat, &c.*

Haydeguyes, A country daunce or round. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes do daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke all night by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasantnesse of the soyle.

Peeres. Equals and fellow shepheards.

Queene-apples vnripe, imitating Virgils verse.

Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour grones, a straunge phrased in English, but word for word expressing the Latin *vicina nemora*.

Spring, not of water, but of young trees springing.

Calliope, afore sayd.

This staffe is full of very poetick inuention, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion,

Tamburines, an olde kinde of instrument,

June.

Pan with *Phœbus*, the tale is well knowne, how that *Pan* and *Apollo* struing for excellencie in musicke, chose *Midas* for theyr iudge. Who beeing corrupted with partiall affection, gaue the victory to *Pan*. vnderferued: for which *Phœbus* set a payre of Asses eares vpon his head, &c.

Tityrus, That by *Tityrus* is meant *Chaucer*, hath been already sufficiently sayd, and by this more plaine appeareth, that he saith, he tolde meriy tales. Such as be his *Canterbury tales*, whome he calleth the God of the Poets for his excellency, so as *Tully* calleth *Lentulus*, *Deum vitæ sue*, i. the God of his life.

To make, to versifie.

O why, A prety *Epanorthosis* or correction.

Discourse: he meaneth the falsenesse of his louer *Rosalinde*, who forsaking him had chosen another.

Point of worthie wite, the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcas, the name of a shepheard in *Virgil*: but heere is meant a person vnkowne and secret, against whom he often bitterly inuayeth.

Vnderfong, vnderminde and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that the first *Aeglogue*, *Colins* Poëse was *Anchora fæme*: for that as then there was hope of fauour to bee founde in time. But now being cleane soillorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into despaire, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come, which is all the meauyng of this Embleme.



Aegloga



Aegloga septima.

Argument.

THis Aeglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepheards, and to the shame and dispraise of proude and ambitious Pastors. Such as Morrell is here imagined to be.

Thomalin.

Morrell,

Is not thilke same a goteheard pꝛolde,
that sits on yonder bancke :

Whose straying heard themself both thyꝛolde
among the bushes rancke :

Morrell.

What ho, thou iolly shepheards swaine,
come by the hill to mee :

Better is, then the lowly plaine,
als so; thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin.

Wh God shield, man, that I should clime,
and learne to looke aloft :

This reede is rife, that oftentime
great climbers fall ensoft.

Iuly.

In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so trickele :
And though one fall thzough heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the sun hath reared vp,
his fieriefooted teme,
Making his way betwene the Cup,
and golden Diademe :
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with dogges of noysome bzeath,
Whose baretull barking bzings in hast,
pine, plagues, and dzeerie death.
Against his cruell scorching heat
where thou hast couerture ?
The wastfull hills vnto his thzeat
is a plaine ouerture.
But if thee lust, to holden that
with seely shepheards swaine,
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that Thomalin can saine.

Morrell.

Syker, thons but a laesse loord,
and rekes much of thy swinke,
That with fond termes, and witlesse woords
to blere mine eyes doest thinke.
In euill houre thou hentst in hond
thus holy hills to blame,
For sacred vnto saints they stond,
and of them han their name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
that wardes the Westerne coast ?
And of S. Bizgets bowze I trow,
all Kent can rightly boast :
And they that con of Mules skill,
saine most what, that they dwell
(As goteheards wont) vpon a hill,
beside a learned well.

And

And wonneed not the great God Pan,
 vpon the mount Oliuet:
 Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,
 which did himselfe beget?

Thomalin.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
 that bought his flocke so deare:
 And them did save with bloudy sweat
 from Wolves that would them teare.

Morrell.

Beside, as holy fathers saine,
 there is a holy place:
 Where Titan riseth from this mayne,
 to ren his dayly race.
 Upon whose top the starres bene stayed,
 and all the skie doth leane,
 There is the caue, where Phœbe layed,
 the shepheard long to dreame.
 Whilome there bled shepheards all
 to feed their flocks at will,
 Till by his folly one did fall,
 that all the rest did spill.
 And sithens shepheards bene foresaid
 from places of delight:
 For thy I wæne thou be afraid,
 to cline this hilles height.
 Of Synah can I tell thee more
 and of our Ladies bolwze:
 But little needes to strow my stowe,
 suffice this hell of our.
 Here han the holy Faunes recourse,
 and Syluanes haunten rathe.
 Here has the salt Medway his source,
 wherein the Nymphes doe bathe.
 The salt Medway, that strickling stremis
 adowne the dales of Kent:

Iuly.

Will with his Elder brother Themis.

His backish waues he meynf

Here growes Melampode euerie where,
and Teribinth good for Cotes:

The one, my madding kiddes to smere,
the next to heale their throates.

Hereto, the hilles bene nigher heauen,
and thence the passage ethe.

As well can proue the piercing leuin,
that seldome fales byneath.

Thomalin.

Syker thou speakes like a lewd lozell,
of Heauen to demen so:

How be I am but rude and bozell,
yet nearer waies I know.

So herke the narre, from God moze farre,
has bene an old said saue,

And he that strives to touch the starres,
oft stumbles at a straw,

Alsome may shepheards clumbe to skye,
that leades in lowly dales,

As Goteherd proude that sitting hie,
vpon the mountaine sailes.

My selvy sheepe like well below,
they needs not Melampode:

For they bene hale enough, I trow,
and liken their abode.

But if they with thy Cotes shoulde yede,
they soone might be corrupted:

Or like not of the frowie fede,
or with the woedes be glatted.

The hilles where dwelled holy saintes,
I reuerence and adoze:

Not for themselfe, but for the saintes,
which han bene dead of yore.

And now they bene to heauen soz went,
their god is with them goe:

Their sample onely to be lent,
 that als we mought do see.
 Shepheards they weren of the best,
 and liued in lowly leas:
 And sith their soules bene now at rest,
 why done we them disease?
 Such one he was, (as I haue heard
 old Algrind often sayne)
 That whilome was the first shepheard,
 and liued with little gaine:
 And meke he was, as meke mought be,
 simple, as simple sheep,
 Humble, and like in eche degré
 the flocke which he did keepe.
 Often he bled of his keepe
 a sacrifice to bring,
 Now with a kidde, now with a shep-
 the Altars hallowing:
 So loued he vnto his Lord,
 such fauour couth he finde,
 That neuer sithens was abhoyd,
 the simple shepheards kinde.
 And such I wene the byethzen were,
 that came from Canaan;
 The byethzen twelue, that kept yfere
 the flockes of mightie Pan.
 But nothing such thilke shepheard was,
 Whom Ida hill did beare,
 That left his flocke, to fetch a lasse,
 whose loue he bought to deare:
 For he was prond, that ill was paide;
 (no such mought shepheards be)
 And with lewd lust was overlaid:
 tway thinges doen ill agrée:
 But shepheards mought be meke and milde,
 well eyed, as Argus was,
 With fleshy follies undefiled,

July.

and front as shée of brasse.

Sicke one (said Algrin) Moses was,
that saw his makers face,

His face more cleare, then christall glasse,
and spake to him in place.

This had a brother, (his name I knew)
the first of all his cote.

A shepheard true, yet not so true,
as he that earst I hote.

Whilome all these were low, and life,
and loued their flockes to shée,

They neuer strouen to be chiefe,
and simple was their wée.

But now (thanked be God therfore)
the world is well amend.

Where wées bene not so nighly woze,
such simpleste mought them shend:

They bene yclad in purple and pall,
so hath their God them bliss,

They raigne and rulen ouer all,
and Lord it, as they list:

Egyt with beltles of glitter and gold,
(mought they good shepheards bene)

Their Pan their shepe to them has sold,
I say as some haue sene.

For Palinode (if thou him ken)
yode late on Pilgrimage

To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
he saw thilke misasage.

For shepheards (said he) there doen lead,
as Lordes doen otherwhere :

• Their sheep han crasse, and they the bread:
• the chippes, and they the chère:

• They han the flæce, and eke the flesh,
(And seely sheepe the while)

The corne is theirs, let other thresch,
their hands they may not file.

They

They han great floze, and thristie flockes,
great friendes and feeble foes :

What neede hem caren for their flockes,
their boyes can loke to those.

These wisards weltre in wealthe wanes,
pampred in pleasures deepe :

They han fat kernes, and leany knaues,
their facking flockes to keepe.

Sike misser men bene all misgone,
they heapen hils of wraath :

Sike sylie shepheards han we none,
they keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deale of good matter,
lost for lacke of telling :

Now sicker I see thou doest but clatter :
harne may come of melling.

Thou medlest more, than shall haue thanke,
to witen shepheards wealth :

When folke bene fat, and riches ranke,
it is a signe of heath.

But say me, what is Algrin he,
that is so oft bynempt.

Thomalin.

He is a shepheard great in grée,
but hath bene long ypent.

One day he sat vpon a hill,
(as now thou wouldest mee :

But I am taught by Algrins ill,
to loue the low degré.)

For sitting so with bared scalpe,
an Eagle sozed hie :

That weening his white head was chalke,
a shell fish downe let lie.

Shewend the shell fish to haue broke,
but therswith bruzde his braine :

So now astonied with the stroke,
he lies in lingring paine.

Iuly.

Morrell.

**Oh good Algrin, his hap was ill,
but shall be better in time:
Now farewell shepheard, with this bill
thou hast such doubt to clime.**

Palinodes Embleme.

In medio virtus.

Morrells Embleme.

In summo felicitas.

GLOSSE.

A Gozheard, by Gotes in scripture be represented the wicked and reprobate, whose Pa-
mour also must needs be such.

Bancke, is the seate of honour. *Straying heard*, which wander out of the way of truth.

Als, for also. *Climbe*, spoken of Ambition. *Great climbers*, according to Seneca his
verse. *Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsu.* *Mickle*, much.

The sunne, A reason, why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter
against the scorching sunne, accordyng to the time of the yeare, which is the hottest moneth
of all.

The Cup and Diademe, bee two signes in the Firmament, through which the sunne maketh
his course in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion, this is Poetically spoken, as if the sunne did hunt a Lion with one Dogge. The
meanynge whereof is, that in Iuly the sunne is in Leo. At which time the Dogge star, which is
called Syrius or Canicula reigneth, with immoderate heate causing Pestilence, droughth, and
many diseases.

Ouerture, an open place: the word is borrowed of the French, and vsed in good writers.

To holden chat, to talke and prate.

A loorde, was wont among the olde Britons to signifie a Lord. And therefore the Danes,
that long time viurped their tyrannie here in Britany, were called for more dread then dig-
nitie, Lurdanes. f. Lord danes. At which time it is sayd, that the insolencie and pride of that na-
tion was so outrageous in this Realme, that if it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer a bridge,
and saw the Dane set foote vpon the same, he must returne backe, till the Dane were cleane
ouer, or els abide the price of his displeasure, which was no lesse then prent death. But be-
ing afterward expelled, the name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, whome they
had long oppressed, that euen at this day they vse for more reproche, to call the Quartane
Agne the Feuer Lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinke, countes much of thy paines. *Weetelesse*, not vnderstood.

S. Michaels mount, is a promontorie in the West part of England.

A hill, Parnassius aforesayd. *Pan*, Christ. *Dan*, one trybe is put for the whole
nation per Synecdochen.

Where Tytan, the sunne. Which story is to bee redde in Diodorus Syc, of the hill Ida,
from whence hee saith, all night time is to be scene a mighty fire, as if the skie burned, which
toward mornynge beginneth to gather a rounde forme, and therof riseth the sunne, whom the
Poets call Tytan.

The shepheard, is Endymion, whom the Poets saie to haue been so beloued of Phoebe,

the

the Moone, that he was by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the space of thirty ycares, for to enioy his company.

There, that is in Paradise, where through error of shepheards vnderstandyng, hee sayth, that all shepheards did vse to seede theyr flockes, till one, (that is) Adam by his folly and disobedience, made all the rest of his Ofspryng be debarred and shut out from thence.

Synah, a hill in Arabia, where God appeared.

Our Ladies bowre, a place of pleasure to called.

Faunes, or Syluanes, be of Poets sayned to be Gods of the Wood.

Medway, the name of a Riuer in Kent, which running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames, whom he calleth his elder brother, both because hee is greater, and also fallth sooner into the Sea.

Meynt, myngled. *Melampode* and *Terebynth*, be hearbes good to cure diseased Gotes, of thone speaketh Mantuan, and of thother, Theocritus.

Terminthou trazon eikaton acemonia.

Nigher heauen, note the shepheards simpleness, which supposeth that from the hills is nearer way to heauen.

Leum, Lightnyng, which he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnesse to heauen, because the lightnyng doth commonly light on high mountaines, accordyng to the saying of the Poet.

Feriuq: ue summos fulmina montes.

Lorrell, A losell.

A borrell, a plaine fellow.

Narre, nearer.

Hale, for hole.

Tede, goe.

Frowye, musty or mossie.

Of yore, long ago.

Forewent, gone afore.

The first shepheard, was Abell the righteous, who (as Scripture saith) bent his mind to keeping of sheepe, as did his brother Caine to tilling the ground.

His keepe, his charge. *His flocke*.

Lowted, did honor and reuerence.

The brethren, the twelue sonnes of Iacob, which were sheepmaisters, and liued only thereupon.

Whom *Ida*, Paris which being the soane of Priamus kyng of Troy, for his mother Hecuba dreame, which beyng with childe of him, dreamed shee brought forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hill *Ida*, where being fostered of shepheards, hee eke in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

Alasse, Helena the wife of Menelaus kyng of Lacedemonia, was by Venus for the golden Apple to her giuen, then promised to Paris, who thereupon with a sort of lusty Trojans, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troy, which was the cause of the ten ycares war in Troy, and the most famous citie of all Asia, lamentably sacked and desaced.

Argus, was of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to him was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow Io: So called, because that in the print of a Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the middelt of an O.

His name, he meaneth Aaron: whose name for more Decorum, the shepheard saith he hath forgot, least his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ should seeme to exceede the meanenesse of the person.

Not so true, for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatry.

In purple, Spoken of the Popes and Cardinalls, which vse such tyrannicall colours and pompous paynting.

Belts, Girdles.

Glitterand, glittering, a Participle vsed sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore.

Their Pan, that is the Pope, whom they count theyr God and greatest shepheard.

Palixode, A shepheard, of whose report he seemeth to speake all this.

Wifards, great learned heads. *Welter*, wallow. *Kerne*, a Churle or Farmer.

Sike misther men, such kinde of men. *Surly*, stately and prowde. *Meling*, medling.

Best, better. *Bynemipt*, named. *Gree*, for degre.

Algyin, the name of a shepheard aforesayd, whose mishap hee alludeth to the chaunce, that happened to the Poet *Aeschylus*, that was brained with a shell fish.

July.

Embleme.

By this Poesie Thomalin confirmeth that, which in his former speech by sundry reasons he had prooued, for beeyng both himselfe sequestred from all ambition, and also abhorring it in others of his eote, he taketh occasion to praysethe meane and lowly state, as that wherein is safetie without feare, and quiet without daunger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the myddst, beyng enuironed with two contrary vices: wherto Morrel replyeth with continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountie dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicity dwelleth in supremacy. For they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thyng be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to bee perfect happinesse. Much lyke to that which once I heard alleaged in defence of humilitie out of a great doct̃or, *Suorum Christus humilissimus*: which saying a gentle man in the company takyng at the rebound, beate backe againe with a lyke saying of another Doct̃or, as he sayd, *Suorum deus altissimus*.

Aegloga.





Aegloga Octaua.

Argument.

IN this *Aeglogue* is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in *Theocritus*: whereto also *Virgil* fashioned his third and seuenth *Aglouge*. They choose for *Umpere* of their strife, *Cuddy* a neat-heards boy, who hauing ended their cause reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof *Colin* he saith was *Anthour*.

Willie. Perigot. Cuddie.

Tell mee Perigot, what shall be the game,
 Wherfore with mine thou dare thy musicke match?
 Bene thy Bagpipes renne farre out of frame?
 Hath the Crampe thy ioints benemd with ach?

Perigot.

Ah Willie, when the hart is ill assaide,
 How can Bagpipe, or ioints be well apaide?

Willie.

What the foule euill hath thee so bestead?
 Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
 And wont to make the tolly shepheards glad
 With pyping and dauncing, did passe the rest.

August.

Per. My sheepe did leaue their wonted food,
 Will. hey ho sheely sheepe,
 Per. And gazde on her, as they were wood,
 Will. Wood as he, that did them keepe,
 Per. As the bonilasse passed by,
 Will. hey ho bonilasse,
 Per. She roud at me with glauncing eye,
 Will. as cleare as the chrystall glasse:
 Per. All as the Sunny beame so bryght,
 Will. hey ho the Sunne beame,
 Per. Glaunceth from Phoebus face so bryght,
 Will. so loue into my hart did streame:
 Per. As the thunder cleaues the cloudes,
 Will. hey ho the thunder,
 Per. Wherein the lightsome leuin shroudes,
 Will. so cleaues thy soule asunder:
 Per. As Dame Cynthia's siluer ray
 Will. hey ho the Moone light,
 Per. Upon the glittering waue doth play:
 Will. such play is a piteous plight.
 Per. The glaunce into my heart did glios.
 Will. hey ho the glyder,
 Per. Therewith my soule was sharpely gryde,
 Will. such woundes soone weren wider.
 Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
 Will. hey ho Perigot,
 Per. I left the head in my hart root:
 Will. it was a desperate shot.
 Per. Where it rancleth aye more and more,
 Will. hey ho the arrow,
 Per. Be can I finde salue for my soze:
 Will. loue is a careles sorow.
 Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
 Will. hey ho beautie cheere,
 Per. Yet should thilke lasse not from my thought:
 Will. so you may buye golde to deere.

But

Per. But whether in paynesfull loue I pyne,
 Will. hey ho pinching payne,
 Per. Or thine in wealth, ye shalbe mine,
 Will. but if thou can her obtaine.
 Per. And if for gracelesse griefe I dye,
 Will. hey ho gracelesse griefe,
 Per. Witnesse, shee shue me with her eye
 Will. let thy folly be the priefe.
 Per. And you, that saue it, simple sheepe,
 Will. hey ho the sayze flooke,
 Per. For priefe thereof, my death shal wepe,
 Will. and none with many a mocke.
 Per. So leard I loue on a holly cue,
 Will. hay ho holy day,
 Per. That euer since my heart did greue.
 Will. now endeth our roundlay.

Cuddie.

Sicker like a roundle neuer heard I none.
 Little lacketh Perigot of the best.
 And VVillye is not greatly ouergone,
 So weren his vnder longes well addrest.

VVillye.

Heardgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye
 Aræde byrightly, who has the victorie?

Cuddie.

Fayth of my soule, I deeme eche haue gained,
 For thy let the Lambe be VVillye his owne;
 And for Perigot so well hath him payned,
 To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the donne:
 He can VVillye wite the wittelesse heardgrome

VVillye.

Neuer dempt more right of beautie I wone.
 The shepheard of Ida, that iudge beauties Duene.

Cuddie.

But tell me shepheardes, should it not yshend
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolesull verse

August

Of Rosalind (who knowes not Rosalind:) Per.
Will.
Per.
Will.
Per.
Will.
That Collin made, ylike can I you reherse.

Perigor.

Now say it Cuddie, as thou art a ladde:

With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

VVillye.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be

In Colins steepe, if thou this song areede:

For neuer thing on earth so pleaseeth me,

As him to heare, or matter of his deepe.

Cuddie.

Then listeneth ech vnto my beanie laye,

And tune your pypes as mirthfull, as yee may.

Ye wastefull woodes beare witnesse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resounde:

Yee carelesse byrds are pryue to my cries,

Which in your songs wers wont to make a part:

Thou pleasaunt spring hast luld mee off a sleepe,

Whose streames my trickling teares did oft augment.

Resort of people doth my griefes augment,

The walled townes doe worke my greater woe:

The forest wide is fitter to resound

The hollow Echo of my carefull cries,

I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,

Whose wailefull want debars mine eyes from sleepe

Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe:

Let all thet sweete, is boyd: and all that may augment

My dole drawe nere: Doe mee to waile my woe,

Bene the wilde woods my sorowes to resound,

Then bed, nor bowze, both which I fill with cries,

When I them see so waste, and finde no part.

Of pleasure past, Here will I dwell apart

In gaffull groue therefore, till my last sleep

Do close mine eyes: so shall I not augment

With sight of such as chaunge my restless woe:

Help me yee banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound

Is signe of deerey death my deadly cries.

Most ruthfully to tune. And as my cries
 (Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
 You heare all night, when nature craneth sleepe,
 Increase, so let your pzkome yelles augment.
 Thus all the nightes in plaintes, the daye in woe
 I bowed haue to waste, till safe and sound
 See home returne, whose voyces siluer sound
 To chærefull songes can chaunge my cheerelesse cries.
 Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
 That blessed byrd, that spendes her time of sleepe
 In songes and plantine pleas, the moze taugment
 The memozie of his misbeede, that bzead her woe:
 And you that feele no woe, when as the sound
 Of these my nightlie cries ye heare apart,
 Let bzeake your sounder sleepe and pitie augment.

Perigot.

Colin, Colin, the shepheardes ioye,
 How I admire ech turning of thy verse:
 And Cuddie, freshe Cuddie the liefest boy,
 How dolesfully his dole thou didst rehearse.
 Cuddie.

Then blow youre pypes shepheardes, till you be at home:
 The night higheth fast, yts time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

Vincenti gloria victi,

VVillyes Embleme.

Vinto non vito,

Caddies Embleme.

Felice cih puo.

August. GLOSSE.

Beflaid, disposed, ordered, *Peregall*, equall. *Whilome*, once.
Raste, bereft, depriued. *Misuent*, gone astraye. *Illway*, according to Virgil,
Iufelix a femper ouispecus.

A mazer, So also doe Theocritus and Virgil feigne pledges of theyr strife.
Enchased, engrauen. Such prettie difturbations euery where vsith Theocritus, to bryng in
his Idyllia. For which speciall cause in dedde he by that name termeth his Aeglogues, for I-
dyllion in Greeke signifieth the shape or picture of any thing, whereof his booke is full. And
not, as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the
Gotehardes in them.

Entraiued, wrought betweene.

Haruest Queene, The manner of couatrice folke in haruest time.

Pouffe, l'ease.

It fell vpon, Perigot maketh his song in praise of his loue, to whome Willye answereth e-
uen vnder verse. By Perygot who is ment, I cannot vprightly say: but if it be, who is suppo-
sed his loue deserueth no lesse prayse, then he geueth her

Greete, weeping and complaint,

Chaplet, a kinde of Garland lyke a crowne.

Leuen, Lightning.

Cynthia, was sayd to bee the Moone.

Gryde, perced.

But if, not vnlesse.

Squint eye, partiall iudgement.

Eche haue, so sayth Virgil,

Et vitula tu dignus, & hic &c.

So by enterchaunge of gifts Cuddie pleaseth both partes.

Dooe, iudgement.

Dempt, for deemed, iudged.

Wite the witelesse, blame the blamclesse.

The shepheard of Ida, was sayd to be Paris.

Braunies Queene, Venus, to whome Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the price of his
beautie.

Emblème.

The meaning hereof is verie ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claming the conquest
and Willye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cause, and Patron of his owne, seemeth
to challenge it, as his due, saying, that, he is happie which can, so abruptly ending but hee
meaneth eyther him, that can win the best, or moderate himselfe beeyng best, and caue of
with the best.





Ægloga Nona.

Argument.

HEerein Diggon Daue is deuised to be a Sheapheard, that in hope of more gaine, droue his sheepe into a farre countrey. The abuses whereof, and loose lining of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demaund, he discourseth at large.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon Daue.

Diggon Daue, I bid her God day:

O, Diggon her is, o, I mislay.

Diggon.

Her was, her while it was day light,

But nowe her is a most wretched wight.

For day, that was, is swiftly past,

And now at easte the dirke night doth last.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon arède, who has thee so dight.

September.

Pener I wilt thee in so poore a plight.

Where is the saye flocke, thou was woont to leade:

O bene they chaffred: o: at mischief dead:

Diggon.

Ah fo: lone of that, is to thee most leese,

Hobbinoll, I pray thee gall not my olde greese:

Sike question rippesth by cause of new woe,

Fo: one opened mote unfold many moe.

Hobbinoll.

Pay, but sozroin close shrouded in heart,

I knowe, to keepe is a burdenous smart.

Ech thing imparted is moze eath to beare:

When the rayne is fallen, the cloudes waren cleare.

And now sithence I saw thy head last,

Whise three Moones bene fully spent and past:

Since when thou hast measured much ground,

And wandred wæle about the wo:lo round,

So as thou can many thinges relate,

But tell me first of thy flockes estate.

Diggon.

My sheepe bene wasted, (woe is me therefore)

The iolly shepheard that was of poze,

Is now no: iolly, no: shepheard moze.

In fo:reine coltes men sayd, was plentie:

And so there is but all of miserie.

I dempt there much to haue eeked my stoze,

But such eeking hath made my heart soze.

In tho countries, whereas I haue bene,

No beeing fo: those, that truely mene,

But fo: such, as of guile maken gaine.

No such country, as there to remaine.

They setten to sale they: shops of shame,

And maken a Part of they: good name.

The shepheardes there robben one another.

And layen baytes to beguile her brother.

O: they will buye his sheepe out of the cote,

O: they will caruen the shepheardes throte.

The

The shepheardes swayne you cannot will ken,
 But it he by his pride, from other men:
 They looken bigge as Bulles, that bene bate,
 And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
 As Cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranch:

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so striffe, and so stanck,
 That vneth may I stand any moze:
 And now the Westerne winde bloweth soze,
 That now is in his chiefe soueraigntee,
 Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
 Sitte we downe heere vnder the hill:
 Who may we talke, and tellen our fill,
 And make a mocke at the blustering blast,
 Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah Hobbin, I curse thee stounde,
 That euer I cast to haue loztis this grounde.
 Wel-away the while I was so fond,
 To leaue the good, that I had in hond,
 In hope of better, that was vnouth:
 So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.
 My selfe sheepe (as seele sheepe)
 That hereby there I whilome vsde to keepe,
 All were they lustie, as thou diddest see,
 Bene all sterued with pyne and penuree,
 Hardly my selfe escaped thilke paine,
 Dyuen for neede to come home againe.

Hobbinoll.

Ah son, now by thy losse art taught,
 That selde chaunge the better brought.
 Content who liues with tryed state,
 Feede feare no chaunge of frowning fate:
 But who will seeke for vnknowne gayne,
 Oft liues by losse, and leaues with payne.

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitcht.

September.

With bayne desire, and hope to be enricht;
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre,
Seemeth eye greater, when it is farre:
I thought the soyle would haue made me rich;
But now I wote, it is nothing lich;
For eyther the shepheardes bene yble and still;
And ledde of theyr sheepe, what way they will:
Or they bene false, and full of couetise,
And casten to compasse many wronge emprise:
But the more bene fraight with fraud and spight,
He in good noz goodnes taken delight;
But kinde coales of confection and pre,
Wherewith they set all the world on fire:
Which when they thinke againe to quench
With holy water, they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con to heauen the high way,
But by my soule I dare vnderlay.
They neuer sette fote in that same troade,
But balke the right way, and stragen abroad.
They boast they han the deuill at commaund:
But aske hem therfore, what they han paund.
Marrie that great Pan bought with deare bozrold,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorow.
But they han sold thilke same long egoc;
For they woulde draw with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:
As they han bzewed, so let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll,

Diggon, I praye the speake not so dirke,
Such myster saying me seemeth to murke.

Diggon,

Then plainly to speake of Shepheardes mosse what;
Wadde is the best (this english is flat.)
Their ill hauour garres men mistay.
Both of theyr doctrine, and theyr saye.
They saye the world is much war then it wont,
All for her shepheardes bene heastly and blont.

What

Other sayne, but how truely I note,
 All foꝛ they holden shame of their cote.
 Some sticke not to say, (hote cole on her tongue)
 What like mischiefe graleth hem emong,
 All foꝛ they casten too much of woꝛldes care,
 To decke her Dame, and enrich her heire:
 Foꝛ such encheason, If you goe nie,
 Fewe chimnies reeking you shall espie:
 The fat Dre, that wont ligge in the stall,
 Is now fast stalled in her crumenall.
 Thus chatten the people in their Meads,
 Like as a Monster of many heads.
 But they that shosen nærest the picke,
 Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen licke.
 Foꝛ big Bulkes of Balan brace hem about,
 That with their hoznes butten the moze stout:
 But the leane soules treaden vnder fote,
 And to seeke redzesse mought litle boote:
 Foꝛ liker bene they to plucke away moze,
 When ought of the gotten good to restoze.
 Foꝛ they bene like fowle wagmotres ouergrast,
 That if thy galage once sticketh fast,
 The moze to winde it out thou doest swinck,
 Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sink.
 Yet better leaue of with a litle losse,
 Then by much wjestling to lœse the grosse.
 Hobbinoll.

Now Diggon, I se thou speakest too plaine:
 Better it were, a litle to feine,
 And cleanly couer, that cannot be cured,
 Such ill, as is foꝛced, mought nœdes be endured.
 But of like pastoures how done the flocks cœpe?

Diggon.
 Like as the shepheards, like bene her shepe,
 Foꝛ they will listen to the shepheards voice,
 But if he call hem at their good choice,
 The wander at will, and stay at pleasure,

September.

And to their folds yeld at their owne leasure:
But they had be better come at their call:
For many han into mischiefe fall.
And bene of rauenuous Wolues preynt,
All for they nould be byrome and bent.

Hobbinoll.

Fie on thee Diggon, and all thy soule leasing.
Well is knowne that sith the Saron king,
Neuer was Wolfe seene many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome:
But the fewer Wolues (the sooth to saine,)
The more bene the Flores that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more secret wise,
And with shepes clothing doen hem disguise.
They walke not widely as they were wont,
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:
But priuely prolling tw and froe,
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

Hobbinoll.

Or priuie or pert if any bin,
We han great bandogs wil feare their skin.

Diggon.

In deede thy ball is a bold big cur,
And could make a iolly hole in their fur:
But not god dogs hem needeth to chase,
But hee die shepheards to discerne their face,
For all their craft is in their countenance,
The ben so graue and full of maintenance,
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,
Chaunced to kiffin not long ygoe:

Hobbinoll.

Say it out Diggon, what euer it hight,
For not but well mought him betight:
He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his woerke is comenable:
Colin Clout I weene be his selfe boye,

(Ah for Colin he whilome my ioye)
 Shepheards sicke, God mought vs many send,
 That doen so carefully their flocks tend.

Diggon,

Whilke same shepheard mought I well marke :
 He has a Dogge to bite or to barke,
 Neuer had Shepheard so keene a hur,
 That waketh, and if but a lease stir.
 Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
 That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulse,
 And euer at night wont to reparaie
 Vnto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire.
 Pclad in clothing of seely sheepe,
 When the good olde man bled to sleepe.
 Who at midnight he would barke and ball,
 (For he had eft learned a currees call,
 As if a Wolfe were among the sheepe.
 With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe;
 And send out Lowder (for so his dog hete)
 To raunge the fields with wide open throte.
 Who when as Lowder was far away,
 This Woluish sheepe would catchen his pray,
 A Lambe, or a kid, or a weanell wast :
 With that to the wood would he speede him fast.
 Long time he bled this slipperie prance,
 Ere Koffy could for his labour him thanck
 At end the shepheard his paradise spied,
 (For Koffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
 And when at euen he came to the flocke,
 Fast in their foldes he did them locke,
 And toke out the Wolfe in his counterfeist cote,
 And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

Hobbinoll.

Harry Diggon, what should him affraie,
 To take his owne where euer it laie ?
 For had his wesand bene a litle widder,
 He would haue deuoured both hidder and thidder.

8: September.

Diggon.

Wischief light on him, and Gods great curse,
Too good for him had bene a great deale worse:
For it was a perilous beast aboue all,
And eke had he cond the shepheards call:
And oft in the night came to the shepcote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if it the olde man selfe had bene,
The dogge his maisters voice did it wene,
Yet halfe in doubt, he opened the doze,
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hide the Wolfe Lowder caught:
And had not Koffy renne to the steen,
Lowder had be slaine thilke same euen.

Hobbinoll.

God sheld man, he should so ill haue thine,
All for he did his deuoyze belue.
If like bene Woluee, as thou hast told,
How mought we Diggon, hem behold.

Diggon.

Now, but with hede and watchfulnesse,
Forstallen hem of their wilinesse:
For thy with shepheard sittes not play,
Do sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:
But euer ligger in watch and ward,
From sedaine force their flocks for to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Oh Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to watch and wait,
We bene of flesh, men as other bee,
Why should we be bound to such miscrewe:
What euer thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
Thought needes decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Oh but Hobbinoll, all this long tale,
Nought ealeth the care, that both me forhaile.

What

What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
 My piteous plight and losse to amend?
 Ah good Hobbinoll, mought I the pray,
 Of aide or counsell in my decaye.

Hobbinoll.

Now by my soule Diggon, I lament
 The haplesse mischiefe, that has thee hent,
 Pethelasse thou seest my lowly saile,
 That froward fortune dath euer auaille.

But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,
 Diggon should some finde fauour and ease.

But if to my cotage thou wilt resoꝛt,

So as I can, I will thee comforte:

There maist thou ligge in a betchy bed,

Till fairer Fortune thew foꝛth his head.

Diggon.

Ah Hobbinoll, God mought it thee requite,

Diggon on few such friendes did euer life.

Diggon's Embleme.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

The Dialect and phraſe off ſpeech in this Dialogue, ſeemeth ſomewhat to differ from the common. The cauſe whereof is ſuppoſed to be, by occaſion of the partie herein ment, who being verie friend to the Authour hereof, had bene long in forraine countreſſes, and there ſeene many diſorders, which he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her, Bidde good morow. *For to bidde,* iſt to pray, whereof commeth beads for prayers, and ſo they ſay, *To bidde his beades.* i. to ſay his prayers.

Wighly, quickly, or ſodainly. *Chaffred,* ſoldoꝛ. *Dead at miſchiefe,* an vnusuall ſpeech, but much vſurped of Lidgate, and ſometime of Chaucer.

Leeſe, Deare. *Ethe,* cake. *Theſe three Moones,* nine moneth. *Mear,* ſared, for traueiled.

Wae, wee, Northernly. *Eeked,* encreaſed. *Carmen,* cuttes.

Kenne, know. *(ragge,* neck. *State,* ſtoutly. *Stawke,* weary or faint.

And now, he applyeth it to the time of the yeare, which is in the end of harueſt, which they call the fall of the leaſe: at which time the Weſterne winde beareth moſt ſwaye.

A mocke, Imitating Hoꝛace, *Debes ludebrium ventis.*

Lorne, left. *Soote,* ſweete. *Vnknowe,* vnknowne. *Hereby, there,* here and there.

As the bright, translated out of Mantuan. *Empriſe,* for enterpriſe, *Per* Syncopen.

Conſeck, ſtriſe.

with grail. Galage, shoe. The grosse, the whole.

saying that there be Wolves in England.

remained long after in my benevolent and Christian dome.

Inly, inwardly: aforesaid. *Frenely or pette*, openly with Chance.

friends and best acquaintance.

Know not. Wonnea, haunted. Welkin, skyc, aforesaid.

Femle. *Steuu, noyse.* *Belue, quickly.*

Forehaile, draw or distresse. Verschie, of Pease straw.

Emblem.

Narcissus spake it.

October.



Aegloga Decima.

Argument.

IN Cuddie is set out the perfect paterne of a Poet, which finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and euen amongst the most barbarous alwaies of singular account and honour, and being in deed so worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift & heauely instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorne d with both: and poured into the mitt by a certaine (*Kithousiasmos*) and celestially inspiration, as the Author hereofels where at large discourses in his booke called the English Poet, which booke being lately come to my handes, I minde also by Gods grace upon further aduise-ment to publish.

Piers. Cuddie.

CVddie, for shame hold vp thy beanie head,
And let vs cast with what delight to chace:

And

October. 0

And wearie this long lingring Pheebus race.
Whilome thou wout the shepheards lads to leade,
In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding balse;
Now they in thee, and thou in sleape art deader

Cuddie.

Piers, I haue piped earst so long with paine,
That all mine Oten reedes haue rent and moze:
And my poze mule hath spent her spared floze,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gaine.
Such pleasance makes the Grasshopper so poze,
And ligge so laid, when winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties that I wont deuise,
To feede youtnes fanisie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the best for thy?
They haue the pleasure, I a slender price.
I beate the bush, the birdes to them do flye:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers.

Cuddie, the praise is better, then the price,
The gloze eke much greater then the gaine:
What an honour is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice?
O, picke them forth with pleasance of thy vaine;
Whereto thou list their trained willes entice.
Some as thou ginst to sette thy notes in frame,
How the rurall route to thee do cleaue?
Somethe thou doest their soule of sense bereaue,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
From Plucoes balefull Bowze withouten leaue:
His musickes might the hellich hound did tame.

Cuddie.

So praysen babes the Pecoocks spotted traine,
And wondzen at bryght Argus blazing eyes:
But who rewardes him ere the more for thy?
O, feedes him once the fuller by a graine?

Sike

Sike praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the skie,
Sike words bene winde, and wassen soone in vaine.

Piers.

Abandon then the base and biler crowne,
Lift vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust :
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of guists,
Turne thee to thole, that weld the awfull crowne.
To doubted knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes vnbruzed weren daily browne.

Where may thy Muse display her fluttring wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West :
Whither thou list in faire Elisa rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing.
Advance the worthie whom she loueth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubbozne stroke of strong sounds,
Was somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string :
Of loue and lustihead tho maist thou sing,
And carroll lowde, and leade the Millers rounde,
All were Elisa one of thilke same ring,
So mought our Cuddies name to Heauen sounde.
Cuddie.

Indeed the Romish Tityrus, I heare,
Through his Meccenas left his Daten reede,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured landes to yeeld the timely eare,
And erst did sing of warres and deadly dreede,
So as the Heauens did quake his verse to heare.

But ah Meccenas is yclad in claie,
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead:
And all the worthies ligger wraapt in lead,
That matter made for Poets on to plaie,
For euer, who in derring doe were dead,
The losstie verse of hem was loued aye,

October.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mightie manhood brought a bedde of ease :
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in pzeace among the learned troupe :
Who gan the streames of flowing wits to cease,
And sunbright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesse,
Pet of the olde stocke gan to shote againe :
As it mens follies mote to forst toaine,
And roll with rest in rymes of rybaudie :
As it sprung, it wither must againe :
Tom piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O pœrelesse poesie, where is then thy place :
If not in Princes pallace thou doest sit :
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fit)
He best of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flie backe to heauen apace.

Cuddie.

Oh Percie it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to soze and make so large a flight :
Her peeced pigeons bene not so in plight,
For Colin fits such famous flight to scanne :
He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as softe as Swanne.

Piers.

Oh son, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
And lifts him vp out of the lothsome mire :
Such immortall mirro, as he doth admire,
Would raise ones minde aboue the starry skie.
And cause a caitiue courage to aspire,
For loftie loue doth lothe a lowly eie.

Cuddie.

All other wise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a tyranne fell :
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

The

- The bannted verſe a vacant head demaundes,
 He wont with crabbed care the Mules dwell,
 Unwiſely weaues, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who euer caſtes to compaſſe waightie priſe,
 And thinkes to throw out thondzing words of threat:
 Let powze in lauiſh cups and thriſtie bits of meat,
 For Bacchus fruit is friend to Phœbus wiſe:
 And when with Wine the bzaine begins to ſweat,
 The numbers ſlow as faſt as ſpring doth riſe.

Thou kenſt not Percie how the rime ſhould rage,
 O if my temples were diſtaind with wine,
 And girt in Girlands of wilde Vniue twine,
 How I could reare the Muſe on ſtately ſtage,
 And teach her tread aloft in bal-kin ſine,
 With queint Bellona in her equiPAGE.

But ah my courage coles ere it be warme,
 For thy content vs in this humble ſhade:
 Where no ſuch troublous tides han vs aſſaide,
 Here we our ſlender pipes may ſafely charme.

Piers.

And when my Gates ſhall han their bellies laide:
 Cuddie ſhall haue a hidde to ſtoze his ſarime.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante caleſcimus illo, &c.

GLOSSE.

This aeglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his 16. Idillion, wherein he reprobued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuſe for hys niggardife toward Poets, in whom is the power to make men immortal for theyr good deedes, or ſhamefull for theyr naughtie life. And the lyke alſo is in Mantuane. The ſtyle hereof as alſo that in Theocritus, is more loſtic then the reſt, and applied to the height of Poeticall wit.

Cudie, I doubt whether by Cuddy be ſpecified the authour ſelfe, or ſome other. For in the eight aeglogue the ſame perſon was brought in, ſinging a Cation of Colins making, as hee ſaith. So that ſome doubt, that the perſons be different.

Whilelome, ſometime.

Oares reedes, *Auenæ*.

Ligge ſo laide, lye ſo faint and vnluſtie.

Dapper, pretie.

Frye, is a bolde Metaphore, forced from the ſpawnyng fiſhes, for the multitude of young fiſh be called the Frye.

To *restrain*, This place seemeth to conspyre with Plato, who in hys first booke de Legibus sayth, that the first inuention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For at what tyme an infinite number of youth vsually came to theyr great solempne feastes called Panegyrica, which they vsed euery fyue yeare to holde, some learned man beeyng more able then the rest, or special gifts of wyt and Musicke, would take vpon hym to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eyther of vertue or of victory, or of immortalitie, or such lyke. At whose wonderfull gyft all men beyng altonyed & as it were rauished with delight, thinking (as it was in deed) that he was inspired from aboue, called hym Vatem: which kynd of men afterward framyng theyr verses to lighter musicke (as of Musicke bee many kindes, some sadder, some lighter, some martial, some heroical: and so diuersly eke affect the mindes of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some plying with loue, some scornynge at mens fashions, some powred out in pleasures, and so were called Poets or makers.

Sense bereaue, what the secret working of musicke is in the mindes of men, as wel appeareth hereby, that some of the auncient Phylosophers, and those the most wyle, as Plato and Pythagoras helde for opinion, that the mynde was made of a certaine harmony and musical numbers, for the great compassion, and lykenesse of affection in thone and the other, as also by that memorable hystory of Alexander: to whome when as Timotheus the great Musitian played the Phrygian melody, it is sayd, that hee was distraught with such vnwonted fury, that straightway rysing from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to go to warre (for that musicke is very warlyke,) and immediately when as the Musitian changed hys stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, hee was so farre from warring, that he fute as styll, as if he had bene in matters of counsel. Such myghthis in Musicke. Wherefore Plato and Aristotle forbyd the Arabian Melody from children and youth. For that beyng altogether one the fifth and seueneth tone, it is of great force to mollifie and quench the kindly courage, which vseth to burne in yong brestes. So that it is not incredible which the Poet here sayth, that the Musicke can bereaue the soule of sense.

The shepheard that, Orpheus: of whom is sayd, that by hys excellent skil in musicke and Poetry, he recovered hys wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes, of Argus is before sayd, that Iuno to hym committed her husband Iupiter hys Paragon Io, because he had an hundred eyes: but afterward Mercury with hys Musick lulling Argus a sleepe, flue hym and brought Io away, whose eyes it is sayd that Iuno for hys eternal memory placed in her byrd the Peeockes tayle, for those coloured spots indeed resemble eyes.

Woundlesse armour, vnwounded in war, do rust through long peare.

Display, A poetical metaphore, whereof the meanyng is, that if the Poet list shew his skil in matter of more dignity, then is the homely Aeglogue. good occasion is hym offered of hygher veyne and more Heroical argument, in the person of our most graciosus soueraigne, whom (as before) he calleth *Elisa*. Or if matter of knighthood and chivalry please hym better, that there be many noble and valiant men, that are both worthy of hys payne in theyr deserved praises, and also fauourers of his skyl and facultie.

The worthy, he meaneth (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowned the Earle of Leicester, whome by hys cognifance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by hys name he bewrayeth, beyng not likely, that the names of noble princes bee knowne to country clownes.

Slacke, that is when thou chaungest thy veile from stately course, to matter of more pleasure and delight.

The Milters, a kinde of daunce,

Ring, company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus, well know noble Virgil, who by Maccenas meanes was brought in to the fauour of the Emperour Augustus, and by him moued to write in iustier kinde, then he erst had done.

Whereon, in these three verses are the three seuerall workes of Virgil intended. For in teaching his flockes to feede, is meant his Aeglogues. In labouring of lands, is his Georgiques. In singing of warres and deadly dread, is his diuine Aeneis figured.

Inderring do, In manhood and cheualrie.

For euer, He sheweth the cause, why Poets were wont bee had in such honour of noble men, that is that by them their worthinesse and valor should through their famous Poesies be commended to all posterities. Wherefore it is saide, that Achilles had neuer beene so famous, as he is, but for Homers immortall verses, which is the onely advantage, which he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great, comming to his tombe in Sighe, with naturall teares blessed him, that euer it was his happe to be honoured with so excellent a Poets worke: as forenowmed and ennobled onely by his meane. Which beeing declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse worthely set foorth in a sonet.

Giunto Alexandro ala famosa tomba.

Del fero Achille sospirando disse

O fortunato che si chiaro romba, Trouasti, &c.

And that such account hath bene alwaies made of Poets, as well sheweth this that the worthie Scipio in all his warres against Carthage and Numantia hadde euermore in his company and that in most familiar sorte the good olde Poet Ennains, as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, when hee was enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarous was borne in that Citie, not onely commanded straightly, that no man should vpon paine of death doe any violence to that house or otherwise: but also specially spared moste, and some highly rewarded, that were of his kinne. So fauoured hee the onely name of a Poet, which praise otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, then when hee came to ransacke king of king Darius coffers, whom hee lately had ouerthrowne, hee found in a litle coffer of siluer the two bookes of Homers workes, as laide vp there for speciall Jewels and riches, which hee taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and the other euerie night laide vnder his pillowe. Such honour haue Poets alwaies found in the sight of Princes and noble men, which this authour here verie well sheweth, as else where more notably.

But after, hee sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetrie to be idlenesse and basenesse of minde.

Pent, shut vp in slouth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom pper, An Ironicall Sarcastimus, spoken in dirision of these rude wits, which make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgement.

Nebest, the meaner sort of men.

Her peeced pigeons, vnperfect skill: Spoken with humble modestie.

As soote as Swanne, The comparison seemeth to be straunge: for the Swanne hath euer wonne small commendation for her sweet singing: but it is saide of the learned, that the Swanne a litle before her death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophesying by a secret instinct her neere destinie. As well saith the Poet elsewhere in one of his sonets.

The siluer Swan doth sing before her dying day

As shee that feesles the deepe delight that is in death. &c.

Immortall myrrour, Beautie, which is an excellent object of Poeticall spirits, as appeareth by the worthie Petrarch, saying.

Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno

A la sua ombra, & crescet ne gli affanni.

A caitiue corage, a base and abiect minde.

For lostie loue, I thinke this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, as well in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwaies in the Latin, called *Cacozelon*.

A vacant, imitatech Mantuans saying, *Vacuum curis diuinacratibus Poscit.*

Lauish cups, Resembleth the common vese, *Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum.*

O if my, He seemeth here to be rauished with a Poetical furie. For (if one rightly marke) the numbers rise so full, and the verse groweth so bigge, that it seemeth hee hath forgot the meanenesse of shepheards state and stile.

Wilde ynie, for it is dedicated to Bacchus, and therefore it is saide that the Mænades (that is,

October.

Bacchus frantick priests) vsed in their sacrifice to carrie Thyrsos, which were pointed staves or faucins, wrapped about with yuie.

In buskin, it was the manner of Poets and Players in Tragedies to weare buskins, as also in Comedies to vse cockes and light shoes. So that the buskin in Poetry is vsed for tragicall matter, as is saide in Virgill, *Sola Sophocleotus carmina digna cothurno*. And the like in Horace, *Magnus loquis, nistique cothurno*.

Quint, strange. Bellona, the goddess of battaile, that is Pallas, which may therefore well be called quint, for that (as Lucian saith) when Iupiter her father was in trauell of her, hee caused his sonne Vulcan with his axe to hew his head. Out of which leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all pointes, whom Vulcan seeing so faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, profered her some curtesie, which the Lady disdainig, shak ed her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such straungenesse is well applyed to her.

Aequipe, order.

Tydes, seasons.

Charme, temper and order. For Charmes were wont to be made by verses, as Ouid saith *Aut si carminibus*.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Eglogue, that Poetry is a diuine instinct and vnnaturall rage passing the reach of common reason. Whom Piers answereth li-phonomatocos as admitting the excellencie of the skill, whereof in Cuddie hee had already had a tast.





Ægloga vndecima.

Argument.

IN this xi. Æglogue he bewaileth the death of some maiden of great bloud whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether vnknowne, albeit of himselfe I often required the same. This Æglogne is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Loyes the French Queene. But farre passing his reach, and in mine opinion all other the Æglogues of this booke.

Thenot. Colin.

Colin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou wert wont songes of some iouisaunce?
Why muse too long slombzeth in sorrowing;
Tulled a sleepe through lones misgouernance,

Nouember.

Now somewhat sing, whose endlesse souenaunce,
 Among the shepheards swaines may aie remaine,
 Whither the list thy loued laste aduance,
 Or honoꝛ Pan with himnes of higher vaine.

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake.
 For Pan to herie, noꝛ with loue to play:
 Like myꝛth in May is meetest soꝛ to make,
 Or sommer shade vnder the cocked hay.
 But now sad winter welked hath the day.
 And Phœbus wearie of his yearely taske:
 Stabled hath his steedes in lowly lay,
 And taken vp his ynnie in filthes bakke,
 Whilk sullen season sadder plight doth aske:
 And loathed like delights, as thou doest praise:
 The moꝛneful Muse in mirth now list ne make.
 As she was wont in yongth and sommer dayes.
 But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
 And losse songes of loue to vnderfong
 Who but thy selfe deserues like Poets praise:
 Relieue thy Daten pypes, that slepen long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,
 Before him sits the Titmouse silent bee:
 And I vniit to thrust in skillfull throng,
 Should Colin make iudge of my toleræ.
 Pay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
 And han bene watered at the Muses well:
 The kindly dew drops from the biger tree,
 And whets the little plants that lowly dwell.
 But if sad winter wrath, and season chill,
 Accord not with thy Muses meriment:
 To sad times thou maist attune thy quill,
 And sing of sorrow and deathes dærimet.
 For dead is Dido, dead alas and drent,
 Dido the great shepheard his daughter shene:



The sayest May thee was that euer went,
 Her like thee has not left behinde I weene.
 And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull teene:
 I shall thee giue yond Collet for thy payne:
 And if thy rymes as rounde and ruefull beene,
 As those that did thy Rosalind complayne,
 Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
 When I bid o' Collet, which I thee bynempt:
 When by I say, thou ioply shepheard swayne.
 Let not my small demaunde be so contempt.

Colin.

Thenot to that I chose, thou doest mee tempt,
 But ah too well I wote my humble bayne,
 And holue my rimes bene rugged and ynempt:
 Yet as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

V Then Melpomene the mournfullst Muse of mine.

Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afoze:
 Up grislie ghostes, and by my rusull rime,
 Matter of myyth now shalt thou haue no moze.
 For dead thee is, that myyth thee made of yoze,

Dido my deare alas is dead,

Dead, and lyeth wapt in lead:

O heauie herse,

Let streaming teares be powred out in floze:

O carefull herse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,

Waile yee this woefull waste of natures warke:

Waile wee the wight, whose presence was our pryde:

Waile wee the wight, whose absence is our carke.

The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:

The earth now lacks her wonted light,

And all wee dwell in deadly night,

O heauie herse.

Make we our pipes, that shalld as lowde as Larke,

O carefull herse.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)
 Whose better dayes death hath put vp in wor:
 The sayest flowre our girlond all emong,
 Faded quite and into dust ygoe.
 Sing now yee shepheards daughters, sing no more
 The songs that Colin made in her praise.
 But into weeping turne your wanton layes,
 A heauie herse,
 Nowe is time to die. Pay time was long ygoe,
 A carefull herse.

Whence is it, that the flowret of the field doth fade,
 And lyeth buried long in Winters bale:
 Yet soone as spring his mantle doth dislaye,
 It flowreth fresh, as it should neuer fayle:
 But thing on earth that is of most auaille,

As vertues branch and beauties bud.

Relieuen not for any good.

A heauie herse,

The branche once dead, the bud the weeds must quail.

A carefull herse.

Shee while she was, (that was a wofull word to saie)

For beauties praise and pleasaunce had no peere:

So well shee couth the shepheards entertaine;

With cakes and cracknell, and such countrey cheer.

He would she scozne the simple shepheards swaine,

For he would call often heme.

And giue him Curds and clouted Creame.

A heauie herse,

Als Colin Cloute she would not once disdain.

A carefull herse.

But now like happy there is none to heary chaunce.

Such pleasaunce now displast by dolours paine.

All Musick sleepes, where death doth leade the dancke.

And shepheards wonted solace is eptine,

The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,

The gaudy girlonds deck her grane,

The faded flowres her Corse embraue.

O heaue herse,

Noe now my muse, noe moe with feares bespint.

O carefull verse.

O thou great Shepheard Lobbin, how great is thy grieke,

Where bene the nosegayes that thee dight for thee:

The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,

The knotted rushinges, and gilt Rosemaee

For thee deemed nothing too deere for thee.

Ah, they bene all yclad in clay,

One bitter blast blew all away.

O heaue herse,

Whereof nought remaines but the memoze,

O carefull verse.

Aye mee that dierie death should strike so moztall stroke,

That can vndoe Dame natures kindly course:

The faded lockes fall from the lottie Oke.

The flouds doe gaspe, for dyed is theyr soule,

And flouds of teares flowe in theyr steede perforce.

The mantled medowes mourne,

Theyr sundrie colours tourne.

O heaue herse,

The heauens doe melt in feares without remoze,

O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,

And hang their heades, as they would learne to weepe:

The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,

Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe:

Now thee is gone that safely did hem keepe,

The Turtle on the bared bzaunch.

Laments the wounde, that death did launch,

O heaue herse.

And Philomele her song with feares doth steepe:

O carefull verse.

November.

The water Symphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And fo; her girland Olive bzaunches beare,

Powe balefull boughes of Cypres doer aduance:

The mules, that were wont græne bayes to weare.

Powe bzingen bitter Cloze bzaunches seare,

The fatall sisters eke repent,

Her vitall threde so soone was spent.

A heante herse.

Morne nowe my Muse, now morne with heavy cheare.

A carefull verse.

A trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope

Of mortall men, that swinke and sweate fo; nought.

And shooting wide. doth misse the marked scope:

Powe haue I learnde (a lesson dærely bought)

That nis on earth assuraunce to be sought:

For what might bee in earthly mould,

That did her buried body hould,

A heantie herse,

Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought

A carefull verse.

But mangre death, and dæaded sisters deably spight,

And gates of hell, and fyrie furies force:

Shée hath the bonds broke of eternall night,

And soule unbodied of the burdenous corpe.

Why then weepes Lobbin so without remoyse?

A Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,

Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent.

A happie herse,

Cease now my Muses, now cease thy sorowes course,

A ioyfull verse.

Why waille wee then? why wearie wee the Gods with plaintes,

As if some enill were to her betight.

Shée raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,

That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light:

And is enstalled nowe in heauens hight.

I see thee blessed soule, I see,
Talk in Elisian fieldes so free.

O happie herse,
Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
O ioyfull herse.

Unwise and wretched men to weete whats god oʒ ill,
Wee deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:

But knowe wee soles, what it vs bynges untill
Dye would wee daylie, once it to expert.

No daunger there the shepheard can assert:
Fayze fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,
The fieldes aye fresly, the grasse aye greene:

O happie herse.
Make hast yee shepheards, thether to reuert,
O ioyfull herse.

Dido is gone afoze (whose turne shall be the next:)

There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse.
There dryncks she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,
And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men doe misse.

The honoꝝ now of highest Gods shee is,
That whilome was poore shepheards pryde:
While here on earth shee did abide,
O happie herse.

Ceasse now my song, my woe now wasted is.
O ioyfull herse.

Thenot.

Aye franck shepheard, how bene thy verses meint
With dolefull pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,
Whether reioyce oʒ weepe foʒ great constraint:
Thine be the Cossette, well hast thou it gotte.
My Colin vp, ynough thou moyned hast,
Now gennes to mizzle, hie wee homeward fast.

Colins Embleme,
La mort ny mord.

November.

GLOSSE.

Isayfaunce, myrth.

Soumnanee, remembrance.

Herie, honour.

Welked, shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the waine is sayd of Lidgate to welk.

In lowly lay, according to the season of the moneth Nouember, when the sunne draweth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.

In fishes haske, the tune raygned, that is, in the signe Pisces all Nouember, a haske is a wicked ped, wherein they vse to carrie fish.

Virelayes, a light kinde of song.

Bee warred, for it is a saying of Poets, that they haue drunk of the Muses Well Castalias, whereof was before sufficiently sayd.

Dreeriment, dreery and heauy cheere.

The person both of the shepheard and of Dido is vnkowne and closely buried in the Authors conceipt. But out of doubt I am, that is not Rosalind, as some imagine: for he speaketh soone after of her also.

Shene, fayre and shining.

May, for mayde,

Teene, sorrow.

Guerdon, reward.

Bynempt, bequeathed.

Coffet, a lambe brought vp without the dam. Vnkempt, In compti, Not comed, that is rude and vnhanfome.

Malpomee, The sadde and wailefull Muses vsed of Poetes in honour of Tragedies: as saith Nirsil Melpomene tragicoproclamat mæsta boctus.

Vp grieffy ghoshts, The manner of tragicall Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and dampned ghoshtes: so is Hecuba of Euripides. and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest.

Herse, is the solempne obsequie in faneralles.

Wast of, decay of so beautifull a peece. Carke, care.

Ah why, an elegant Epanorthosis, as also soone after. Nay time was long agoe.

Flouret, a diminutiue for a little floure. This is a notable and sententious comparifon

Aminore ad maius.

Reliuen not, line not againe. f. not in their earthly bodyes: for in heauen they enioy theyr due reward.

The braunch, Hee meaneth Dido, who being as it were the maine braunch now withered, the buddes that is beaurie (as hee sayd afore) can no more flourish.

With cakes, fit for shepheards bankets. Heame, for home. after the Northern pronouncing. Tinct, dyed or stayned.

The gaudie, the meaning is, that the things, which weare the ornaments of her lyfe are made the honor of her funerall, as is vsed in burialls.

Lobbin, the name of a shepheard, which seemeth to haue bene the loue and deere friend of Dido. Rushrings, agreeable for such base gifts,

Faded lockes, dried leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.

Sourse, spring. Mantled Medowes, for the fundry flowres are like a Mantle or Couerlet wrought with many colours.

Philomele, the Nightingale. Whom the Poets faine once to haue bene a ladie of great beaurie, till being rauished by her sisters husband, shee desired to be turned into a byrd of her name, whose complaints be very well set forth of Ma. George Gasconi a witty gentleman, and the very chiefe of our late rimers, who and if some parts of learning wanted not (albeit it is well knowne hee altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would haue attained to the excellencie of those famous Poets. For gifts of wit and naturall promptnes appeare in him abundantly.

Cypresse, vsed of the olde Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe, and properly the signe of all sorrow and heauinesse.

The fatall sisters, Clotho Lachelis and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the Night, whom the Poets faine to spin the life of man, as it were a long thred, which they draw out in length, till his fatall howre and timely death be come, but if by other casualtie his dayes bee abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayd to haue cut the thred in twaine. Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum bailulat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.

O trustlesse, a gallant exclamation moralized with great wisdom and passionate with great affection.

Bere, a frame, whereon they vse to lay the deade corse.

Furies, of Poets bee sayned to beethree, Persephone, Alecto and Megera, which are said to be the Authors of all euill and mischief.

Eternall night, is death or darknesse of hell.

Betight, happened.

I see, a liuely Icon, or representation as if he sawe her in heauen present,

Elysian fieldes, be deuised of Poets to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happie soules doe rest in peace and eternall happinesse.

Dye would, the very expresse saying of Plato in Phædone.

Altare, befall ynwares.

Nectar and Ambrosia, bee sayned to be the drinke and foode of the Gods : Ambrosia they lyken to Manna in scripture, and Nectar to be white lyke creame, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Commentarie vpon the dreames of the same author.

Meyne, Mingled.

Embleme.

Which is as much to say, as death byteth not, For although by course of nature wee bee borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as with timely haruest, wee must bee gathered in time or els of our selues wee fall like rotted rype fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euill, nor (as the Poet sayd a little before, as doome of ill desert) For though the trespass of the first man brought death into the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being overcome by the death of one that died for all, it is now made (as Chaucer sayth) the greene pathway of lyfe. So that it ageeth well with that was sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

Egloga





Aegloga duodecima.

Argument.

THis Aeglogue (euen as the first began) is ended with a complaint of Colin to God Pan, wherein as weary of his former waies, hee proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing his youth to the spring time, when hee was fresh and free from lones follie. His manhoode to the sommer, which hee saith, was consumed with great heate and excessiue drouth caused through a Comet or blasing starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is commonly compared to such flames & immoderate heate. His riper yeres he resembleth to an vnseasonable harnest wherein the fruites fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chill & frosty season now drawing neere to his last ende.

THe gentle shepheard sat besiden springe,
 All in the shadowe of a bushy Bzere,
 That Colin hight, which well coulde pype and singe,
 For hee of Tityrus his songes did lere.
 Where as hee satte in secret shade alone,
 Thus gan hee make of loue his piteous mone.

O soueraigne Pan thou God of shepheards all,
 Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe :
 And when our flockes into mischance mought fall,
 Doeſt ſaue from miſchiefe the vnwarie ſheepe.
 Alls of their maiſters haſt no leſſe regard,
 When of the flockes, which thou doeſt watch & ward.

I th' beſeech (ſo be thou deigne to heare,
 Kinde ditties tunde to ſhepheards Datens reede,
 Or if I euer ſonet ſong ſo cleare,
 As it with pleaſaunce mought thy fancie ſeede)
 Harken a while from thy græne cabinet,
 The laurell ſong of carefull Colinet.

Whilome in youth, when ſtored my ioyfull ſpring,
 Like ſwallow ſwift, I wandred here and there :
 For heate of heedleſſe luſt me ſo did ſting,
 What I of doubted daunger had no feare.
 I went the waſtfull woods and forreſt wide,
 Withouthen dread of Wolues to bene eſpide.

I wont to raunge amid the mazie thicket,
 And gather nuttes to make me Chriſtmas game :
 And ioyed oft to chace the trembling Bicket,
 Or hunt the hartleſſe hare, till ſhe were tame.
 What weakened I of wintry ages waſt,
 Who deemed I my ſpring would euer laſt.

How often haue I ſcaled the craggie Oke,
 All to diſlodge the Raven of her neſt :
 How haue I wearied with many a ſtroke,
 The ſtately Walnut tree, the while the reſt
 Under the tree ſell all for nuttes at triſe :
 For ylike to me, was libertie and life.

And for I was in thilke ſame loſer pæres,
 (Whether the Muſe, ſo wrought me from my birth :
 Or I to much beliened my ſhepherd pæres)
 Somedeſe spent ſo long and muſickes mirth.

December.

A good old shepheard, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

From thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepheards swaine, what euer fed in field :
And if that Hobbinoll right iudgement bare.
To Pan his owne selfe pyper I neede not yield.

For if the flocking Nymphes did follow Pan,
The wiser Muses after Colin ran.

But ah such pride at length was ill repaide,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none).
By hurtlesse pleasure did me ill vnbryde,
By freedomes lozne, my life he left to mone.
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him hate.

Who gan my leuely spring bid me farewell,
And sommer season sped him to display
(For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell).
The raging fire, that kindled at his ray.
A comet stird vp that unkindly heate,
That reigned (as men said) in Venus seate.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to chouse my wandring way :
But whether lucke and loues vnbrydled loze
Would lead me forth on fancies bit to play.
The bush my bed, the bryamble was my bowze,
The Woods can witnesse many a woofull stowze.

Where I was wont to seeke the hony Bee,
Working her soymall rowmes in Meren frame :
The grieuall Modestole growne there mought I see,
And loathed Paddockes lording on the same.
And where the chaunting birds luld me a slepe,
The ghastly Owle her grienous ynnie doth keepe.

Then

Then as the spring giues place to elder time,
 And bringeth forth the fruit of sommers pride :
 All so my age now passed youthly prime,
 To things of riper reason selfe applide.
 And leard of lighter timber cotes to frame,
 Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the fightingale,
 And Baskets of bulrushes was my wont :
 Who to entrap the fish in winding sale,
 Was better seene, or hurtfull beastes to hunt?
 I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
 How Phoebe failes, where Venus sits and when.

And tried time yet taught me greater things,
 The sodaine rising of the raging seas :
 The sothe of byrds by beating of their wings,
 The powre of herbes, both which can hurt and ease:
 And which be wont tenrage the restless sheepe,
 And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and wittlesse Colin Clout,
 That kydst the hidden kindes of many a weede :
 Yet kydst not ene to cure thy soze heart root,
 Whose ranccking wound as yet does risely blæde.
 Why liuest thou still, and yet hast thy deaths wound?
 Why diest thou still, and yet aliuie art found?

Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
 Thus is my haruest hastened all to rathe :
 The eare that budded faire, is burnt and blasted,
 And all my hoped gaine is turned to scathe.
 Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
 Was nought but byakes & byambles to be mowne.

My boughes and blowmes that crowned were at first,
 And promised of timely fruit such store :
 Are left both bare and barrein now at erst,
 The flattering fruit is fallen to ground befoze,

December.

And rotted ere they were halfe mellow ripe :
My haruest wast, my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Wene withered, as they had bene gathered long :
Their rootes bene dried vp for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among.
Wh who has wrought my Rosalind this spight,
To spill the flowres, that should her girlond dight :

And I, that whilome went to frame my pipe,
Vnto the shifting of the shepheards scote :
Sike follies now haue gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnscote.
The loser Masse I cast to please no more,
One if I please, enough is me therfore.

And thus of all my haruest hope I haue
Pought reaped but a weedie crop of care :
Which, when I thought haue thresht in swelling sheaues
Cockel for cozne, and chaffe for barley bare.
Sone as the chaffe should in the fan be sinde,
All was blowne away of the wauering winde.

So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my summer burnt vp quite :
My haruest hastes to stir vp winter sterne,
And bids him claime with rigozous rage his right.
So now he stormes with many a sturpy stoure,
So now his blustering blast eche coast doth scoure.

The carefull cold hath nipt my rugged rinde,
And in my face deepe furrowes old hath pight :
My head besprent with hoarte frost I finde,
And by mine eye the crow his claue doth wright.
Delight is laide abed, and pleasure past,
No sunne now shines, cloudes han all ouercast.

Now leaue ye shepheards boyes your merry glee,
My muse is harse and wearie of this sound :

Here.

December.

Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree,
Was neuer pype of reede did better sound.
Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blast,
And after Winter dzerie death does haſt.

Gather ye together my little ſlocke,
My little ſlocke, that was to me ſo liſe:
Let me, ah let me in your foldes ye locke,
Ere the bzeme Winter breed you greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull bzeath,
And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delights, that lulled me a ſleepe,
Adieu my deare, whole loue I bought ſo deare:
Adieu my little Lambes and loued ſheepe,
Adieu ye Woods that oft my witneſſe were:
Adieu good Hobbinoll, that was ſo true,
Tell Roſalind, her Colin bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.

GLOSSE.

Tyrrus, Chaucer, as hath bene oft ſaide.

Lamkins, young lambes.

Als of theyr, ſeemely to expreſſe Virgils verſe.

Pan curat oues ouiumque magiſtros.

Deigna, vouchſafe.

Cabinet, Colmet, diminutiues.

Maze, For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out againe.

Peers, Fellowes and companions.

Muſick, that is Poetrie, as Terence ſaith, *Qui artem tractant muſicam*, ſpeaking of Poets.

Derring do, aforeſaide.

Lions houſe, Hee imagineth ſimply that Cupid, which is loue, had his abode in the hote ſigne Leo, which is in miſt of ſommer, a prettie allegorie, whereof the meaning is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinary heat of luſt.

Hiſ ray, which is Cupids beame of flames of loue.

A Comet, a blaſing ſtarre, meant of beautie, which was the cauſe of his hote loue.

Venus, the goddeſſe of beautie or pleaſure. Alſo a ſigne in heauen, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beautie, which hath alwaies aſpect to Venus, was the cauſe of all his vniquietneſſe in loue.

Where I was, a fine deſcription of the change of his life and liking, for all thinges now ſeemed to him to haue altered their kindly courſe.

Lording, Spoken after the manner of Paddockes and Frogges ſitting which is in deed Lordly, not remouing nor looking once aſide, vnleſſe they be ſtirred.

Then as, The ſecond part, that is his manhood.

December.

Cotes, Shep cotes, for such be the exercises of shepheards,

Sale, or fallow a kinde of wood like willow, fit to wreake and binde in heapes to catch fish withall.

Phæbe sailes, The Eclypse of the Moone, which is alwaies in Cauda or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

Venus, i. Venus starre, otherwise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first riseth and setteth last. All which skill in starres being conuenient for shepheards to know Theocritus and the rest vse.

Raging fear, The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea, commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime increasing, sometime waning and decreasing.

Sooth of birdes, A kinde of soothsaying vse'd in the elder times, which they gathered by the flying of birdes: First (as is saide) inuented by the Thuscans, and from them deriued to the Romanes (who as is saide in Leuie) were so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euerie noble man should put his sonne to the Thuscans, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes, That wondrous thinges be wrought by herbe, as well appeareth by the common working of them in our bodies, as also by the wonderfull enchauntments and forceries that haue bene wrought by them, in so much that it is saide the Circe a famous forceresse turned men into sundry kindes of beastes and monsters, and onely by herbes as the Poet saith *D. a seua potentibus herbis &c.*

Kidst, kn. weft. *Eare,* of corne. *Scathe,* losse, hinderance.

Euer among, Euer and anone.

This is my, The third part wherein is set forth his ripe yeares as an vntimely haruest that bringeth little fruit.

The fragrant flowers, sundry studies and laudable partes of learning, wherein how our Poet is seene, be they witnesse which are priuy to his study.

So now my yere, The last part, wherein is described his age by comparison of winnye stormes.

Carefull cold, for care is saide to coole the blood. *Glee,* myrth.

Hoarie frost, A metaphor of hoary hairés scattered like to a gray frost.

Breeme, sharpe and bitter.

Adieu delights, is a conclusion of all. Where in sixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that was touched in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally. In the second, the loue of Rosalind, in the thurd, the keeping of sheepe, which is the argument of all Aeglogues. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed friendship and good will to his good friend Hobbiuoll.

Embleme,

The meaning whereof is that all thinges perish and come to their last end, but workes of learned wits and monuments of Poetrie abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes a worke though full in deede of great wit and learning, yet of no so great waight and importance boldly saith.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,

Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax &c.

Therefore let not be enuied, that this Poet in his Epilogue saith he hath made a Calender, that shall endure as long as time, &c. following the example of Horace and Ouid in the like.

Grande opus exegi quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis,

Nec ferrum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas &c.

*Loe I haue made a Calender for euerie yeare,
That steale in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:*

And

*And if I marked well the starres reuolution,
 It shall continue till the worldes dissolution.
 To teach the ruder shepheard how to feed his sheep,
 And from the falcers fr and his folded flocke to keep.*

*Goe little Calender, thou hast a free pasporte,
 Goe but a lowly gate amongst the meaner sorte.*

Dare not to match thy pipe with Tytirus his stile,

*Nor with the Pilgrim that the plough man plaide a while:
 But follow them farre off, and their high steps adore,
 The better please, the worse despise, I aske no more.*

Mercen non mercede.

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 Iohn Harrison the younger, dwelling in Pater noster
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